

## Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice

This began with an Omake Rorschach's Blot (see his profile, it's on my Favourite Authors list) wrote a long time ago, "The Real Harry Potter", which I posted here with his permission, in the first chapter of this story.

Then he wrote another Omake, "To Prevent a Genocide" which had nothing to do with the other one, but I thought it should have - and that a full story could come out of it - so I sat and wrote the rest of it.

Somehow, I ended up writing a Harry!muliship / harem!Harry fic, I have no idea how that happened. I blame it on Luna. That's a good rule-of-thumb, by the way, "When in doubt..."

I was probably affected by the flood of funny harem! fics Rors had been putting out lately. I also hope Wym (CarolWym on ff net) reads this. He promised me a lemon scene for another of my stories cause I suck at writing them, but this one goes to show that as far as implicit goes, I rule!

Note: To those too lazy to scroll to the bottom of the page, every chapter in this story, including this one, has one or more Omake. Now I use this term loosely, as it usually means some scene cut out in the editing or even something wrote especially for an Omake purpose, but posing an alternative to scenes - on and off stage - in a movie or comics - where as in this story all the Omake save one are integral parts of the story and you might encounter problems understanding it if you don't read them. And I should recommend reading them even if it wasn't the case, as some of the best parts in this story are in the Omake, especially the harem parts - and we all know you like those...

stealacandy

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## Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice

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Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice

By stealacandy

1. Prologue: Prophecy

Excerpts from Order of the Phoenix:

“When Sybill Trelawney spoke, it was not in her usual ethereal, mystic voice, but in the harsh, hoarse tones Harry had heard her use once before:

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies ...”

(Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix, Chapter Thirty-Seven: The Lost Prophecy)

“Ahem hem,” Trelawney cleared her throat. “Oh, I’m sorry-” she began in a throaty voice again, then hemmed twice more for good measure. “I’m sorry, headmaster,” she said in a normal voice. “You don’t happen to have anything for a sore voice on you, do you Mr. Dumbledore?”

Albus Dumbledore searched his pockets. He pulled out a couple of vials, checked their labels, put them back, then shrugged. “I am afraid I do not, madam. All I have is Polyjuice.”

‘Damn it!’ thought Dumbledore. “The one time someone actually wants a lemon drop, and I have none!”

That was the last time he conducted an interview anywhere else but his own office.

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Disclaimer: Sybil Trelawney said that, and got a comfortable job. Joanne K. Rowling wrote it down, and made millions out of it. I write it down, and don’t even get a couple of measly reviews!

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## Omake: Prophecy

By stealacandy

"What do you see in my teacup, Ron?" asked Harry.

"Umm... I donno, hmmm... looks like an aubergine, maybe." said Ron.

"Let me see, let me see," said Trelawney. She pushed Ron aside and looked into the cup. Then she fainted.

"What is it, what is it?" cried Parvati Patil in alarm, echoed by Lavender Brown

"Dunno," said Harry, "probably saw a grim again, and her old heart couldn't take it anymore."

"Let me see it," said Parvati. She looked at the leaves at the bottom of his cup. "Oh my! Is that what I think it is? Lav, come here, tell me what you think?"

Lavender took the cup away from Parvati and peaked inside. She then gasped, and dropped the cup. The cup hit the floor and shattered to many little pieces, who grew little legs and ran away crying "freedom! At last!"

Lavender hurried to her seat and checked a book she picked up for some extra-research. She gasped. "The golden giant one-eyed snake! He got the giant one-eyed serpent of gold!" Then she joined the professor and the tea-cup debris on the floor in a thud, to be followed, a second later by the echoing sound of fainting Parvati.

"Crazy, mate," said Ron. "I tell you, all girls are crazy!"

"A giant snake who's lost its eye?" wondered Harry. "I thought divination was about the future!"

Hermione just huffed.

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A/N: I'm writing backwards now. Having somehow turned this story into an harem! Fic, I thought I might as well go with it and start early.

As in, third year early, foreshadowing and everything, you know.

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## Chapter 1: The Real Harry Potter

A/N (by Rorschach' Blot): The Draco as Harry's brother thread gave me an idea, be sure to read this to the end.

### Omake: The Real Harry Potter

"You sent for me Professor?" Draco tried to show at least a little respect for the school's Headmaster, his father would skin him alive if he called too much attention to the family at this stage.

"Yes, have a seat Mr. Malfoy." Dumbledore gestured towards a chair, "I have some rather shocking news for you."

"Is my mother ok?" Draco asked nervously.

"To the best of my knowledge yes." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled, "I called you up here not to talk about your parents but to tell you something about yourself."

"What is it?" Draco asked in confusion. Was the old man going to go on some speel about how he couldn't become a death eater.

"After the attack on the Potter house, I decided to do everything within my power to protect the last of the Potters." Dumbledore gave a sad sigh, "the world thinks I placed Harry in the care of his Aunt... that is not the truth."

"Why are you telling me this?" Draco demanded.

"Because I think it's time for the truth to come out," Dumbledore replied. "I placed Harry with a dark family, a family of death eaters and I placed their son with Harry's aunt. I then used a powerful and ancient spell to conceal their identities, neither would know about their true self . . . until now."

"What?" Draco's pupils shrunk.

"I'm sorry Harry, forgive an old man for what he's done to you." Dumbledore said sadly, "I would have let things stay as they were if it were not for the return of Voldemort."

"You don't want me to join him?" Draco gave an inward smirk, maybe he could use this to his advantage.

"I feared that Voldemort would realise your true identity if you took the dark mark," Dumbledore explained. "If that happened then you would be killed."

"Why would he kill me if I were one of his followers?" Draco sneered, yes this could be very useful.

"There is a prophesy that was given before you were born," Dumbledore said. "Roughly, it states that if you die in horrendous agony then the dark lord will gain power. He plans to sacrifice you to gain an upper hand over the wizarding world, I couldn't allow that to happen to you. I'm sorry Harry, my attempt to keep you safe has only put you in greater danger."

"Stop calling me Harry," Draco screamed.

"Perhaps you should have some time to yourself to think about this," Dumbledore mused. "I shall not mention this again, goodbye Harry."

Dumbledore watched as Draco stormed out of his office and sighed to himself. A few minutes later, he rose from his desk and made his way to the room of requirements.

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"Well?" Ron demanded, "what happened?"

"Just a moment," Dumbledore said serenely. "I believe that the Polyjuice is about to wear off."

"Damn it Harry," Ron screamed. "I don't want to wait that long, did he fall for it or not?"

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A/N: Coming next, Draco “goes back in time” to prevent a genocide!

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Omake: Luna the Harem Girl  
By stealacandy

Harry was about to leave the Room of Requirement following Ron, when Luna Lovegood came in.

“Hmmm,” she said. “Daddy did have this wild theory that Albus Dumbledore was actually Harry Potter, gone back in time. It’s too likely to be true and he didn’t want to expose your secret, Harry. But I will... unless, you pay me!” she smiled mischievously.

“Pay you?” Harry cried in dismay.

“Pay me.” repeated Luna.

“Okay,” said Harry resignedly. “What do you want, Luna?”

“Oh, I know what I want, Harry. I require, and the Room provides!”

A heartbeat later, Harry was tied by his hands and his legs to the four posters of a king-sized Gryffindor dormitory bed. In front of him, Luna was standing, gripping a knife in his hand.

Harry swallowed. ‘So this is how it ends,’ he thought. ‘Guess everyone was right, Luna really is a lunatic!’

Luna started cutting off bits and pieces of his cloths. To Harry’s surprise, however, once the cloths were off, she didn’t go on to flesh. Or rather, she did, but not the way he expected...

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Omake: Racism in Hogwarts

By Michael O'Hara

While searching the web for this little bit of a story, I came across a short Omake, that had little to do with "The Real Harry Potter" or with Polyvuice, but was fun, nonetheless.

Racism in Hogwarts

By Michael O'Hara (mohara222m at yahoo dot com)

Posted on Saturday, Dec 2nd, 2006 On Rorschach's Blot Yahoo! group, CaerAzkaban; Message #17254.

A/N: Is it just me, or do British purebloods seem racist against non-white people? (Africans and Asians have wizarding societies that pre-date European civilization)

Omake: Racism in Hogwarts

Dean Thomas: What?!?

Dumbledore: I said that you are the Boy Who Lived.

Dean Thomas: How?

Dumbledore: I switched you with a decoy child who would grow with the Dursley's. Everyone goes after the decoy while the real Harry Potter is safe and happy with a loving black family.

Dean Thomas: YOU MEAN I'M A WHITE BOY?

Dumbledore: Yes. In movies, it's always a black man who gets killed first. After Voldemort kills the fake Harry Potter, he'll get arrogant and lower his guard. Nobody will expect a token support character to deal the final blow to the Dark Lord.

Dean Thomas: (faints from shock)

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## hapter 2: To Prevent Genocide

A/N (by Rorschach's Blot): Draco came from a future where Harry stopped playing nice. Draco is evil but came back not to prevent a greater evil, but to prevent the death of his entire way of life and everyone he ever knew.

A/N (by stealacandy): Ignored that last bit. I just felt compelled to post it here, along with Rors's original Omake. But otherwise, it doesn't fit with the concept of this story.

### Omake: To Prevent Genocide

It was the middle of the first week and everyone had gathered in the Great Hall for their afternoon meal. When suddenly, Draco let out a heart rendering scream.

"Draco, what's wrong?" Pansy asked. "Are you alright?"

"Pansy?" He croaked, "you're alive."

"Of course I am Draco."

"What about Granger and Weasley?" Draco demanded. "Lovegood, Longbottom, the others?"

"They're all fine too," Pansy said oddly. "Unfortunately."

"Thank god," Draco said in relief.

"What's going on Draco?"

"Things were desperate," Draco said in a hollow voice. "We were being hunted like animals. Magic . . . magic was dying and it was all our fault."

"What happened?" Daphne demanded. She wasn't sure she believed the idiot, but it couldn't hurt to keep up appearance.

"The Dark Lord returned and fulfilled his every promise," Draco said with a nostalgic smile. "We had them on the run, every day more and more of them fell."

"And he turned on us?" Tracy guessed.

"No . . . no, we made a terrible mistake." Draco said with a shiver. "We cornered what was left of the Order in an old house and gave them five seconds to surrender . . . they refused."

"So?"

"So we set the place on fire," Draco continued. "The Dark Lord even cast a charm that would keep the flames cool and the air good so as to draw things out. They screamed for hours before they finally succumbed to their wounds."

"Sounds glorious."

"It was," Draco agreed. "We found Granger and the Weasel in the basement, they'd been killed when the house collapsed and their faces were twisted into expressions of horror. It was a miracle that they were still recognizable and the Dark Lord saw his chance to break the sole survivor."

"What happened?"

"He took their heads and sent them to Potter," Draco said with a smile. "We weren't sure why he wasn't with the others, but it didn't matter. We figured that it would only increase the fun and we laughed when we pictured him reading our note that questioned his courage for abandoning his friends to die."

"Potter didn't break?"

"He did," Draco said with a look of fear. "He dropped the veneer of civilization that he had shown the world and we learned what he was truly capable of. Women, children, the elderly, even neutrals were all hunted. Potter didn't seem to care, it was like everything he cared about was gone leaving nothing he wished to save."

"Surely one man . . ."

"He was no man," Draco snapped. "He was a demon, a Dark Lord above all others. He . . . he used to take his victims to the burnt patch of ground where his friends died when he tired of them. There he would impale them." Draco paused to take a calming breath. "There he would impale them to keep their comrades company. We put up charms to prolong the suffering of his friends and he returned the favour one hundred fold. They'd be there for months, years in some cases before they were allowed to die."

"This can't be true."

"If only it weren't," Draco said wistfully. "In the end, there were four of us left. We knew it was only a matter of time before Potter came for us and we had originally planned to beat him to the punch. To kill ourselves to deny him the satisfaction of doing it himself, but plans change."

"You came back."

"It was pure luck we found the spell," Draco said. "The lives and magic of the others providing just enough power to send me back. We... we drew lots to see who would do it and I came up short."

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The story continues (by me):

"I - Oh the horror! Oh, my eyes! I can't bear to remember any of it anymore! I can't live with the memories!" cried Draco miserably. Now that I warned you all, I'm going to forget all about it."

Draco took out his wand and stuck it to his forehead. "Oblivate!" he said, and a white light shone for a moment. "Right," he said, a bit disoriented. "I'm going to see Madam Pomfrey."

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Coming out of the Great Hall, Draco was grabbed by the hand and dragged into a broom closet.

“Well?” asked Harry Potter.

“They swallowed every word.” said Ron Weasley, with a smile on his face. At least he tried for a smile, it came more as a sneer on his pretty, borrowed face.

“Nice touch on the wand, by the way.” said Harry. “Where did you get it?”

“Oh, that’s one of the twins’ products - it’s a Ladies’ Special. I used it on Draco before, to get him drowsy - that’s a special effect it has - that white light thing.” said Ron. “Now let’s go to our dorms.”

“Why?” asked Harry.

“Now I’m drowsy myself, need to lay down.” said Ron, thinking of Hermione.

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In the hospital wing, Draco was stirring. He was wet and worm and comfortable. “Yeah, Pansy!” he moaned. And “Give it to me, mud blood!”. Ah, Pansy in a hose and the mud... -er, Muggleborn, he should call her a muggleborn, after all, his own mother was one, covered in mud, yeah, that’s the right stuff. Pansy was licking him all over while the emm... Granger was doing a strip-dance.

Madam Pomfrey came out of her office and was immediately incensed. She wasn’t sure when and how the boy in the bed arrived there, but a quick run-over showed he didn’t have anything wrong, he was just a bit drowsy. She then went to the staff room. “Hagrid!” she called, “If you can’t keep your bloody hound Fang away from my patients, I’ll ban you both from my infirmary, damn it!”

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Pansy Parkinson came to visit Draco in the hospital wing, and was treated to a sight she didn't enjoy much. He soundtrack was even worse: "Give it to me Pansy!"

She'd have to think about her relationship with Draco. She'd have to talk with her mum. And what Draco said earlier. She'd have a conversation with both her parents

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A/N: Coming next, Professor Snape goes on a quest to acquire some new, rare Potion Ingredients.

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Omake: Daphne the Harem Girl

By stealacandy

Harry laid Ron in his bed, saw that he's comfortable, then made his way down the stairs, to the common-room and out of Gryffindor tower.

The a hand grabbed him and pulled him into a broom closer. The door closed, and then "Lumus!". He was face to face, in the crumpled space, with Slytherin's own Daphne Greengrass.

"You've been a bad boy, Harry Potter." she said.

"I have?" Harry decided to play it dumb.

"Yes, you have." said Daphne. "And if you don't want me to go down there and tell Theo, Blaise and Pansy exactly what I heard you and Weasley say, you better give me what I want."

"What do you want, then, Greengrass?" Harry asked in dismay.

"What I want, Potter," she spat out, "is this!" and an instant later she was at him, trying to pyre his polyps out with her tongue.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he asked - after a while.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You want to tell me you, Dumbledore's precious Gryffindor Golden boy, would deign to go out with me, a lowly Slytherin witch?"

"Yeah, why not?" said Harry. "It's not like all Slytherins are bad, or something."

"But Draco said-" she started.

"Ah, Draco Malfoy," Harry cut her off. "Never believe a word that idiot utters. Why, if it wasn't for him, I would have been in Slytherin myself!"

"Really?" Daphne exclaimed. "How so?"

"Well, the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin, told me it would lead me to greatness." offered Harry in explanation. "But I ran across Malfoy on the train on the way to school, and he scared me away from everything he thought good". And Malfoy comes before Potter in an alphabetical list, you know, and I watched as the hat sorted him into Slytherin even before it landed on his head. Probably his father did something to confuse it, because he never showed any of the cunning your house is supposedly famous for." Daphne had to agree with that. "So I begged the hat to put me anywhere else but slytherin, and finally it agreed, and here I am."

"Very Slytherin of you, Potter."

"Please, Daphne," said Harry, "if your going to use this little mouth of yours to kiss me, you might as well use it to say Harry, you know."

"Okay, Potter... I mean Harry. I take it then, that this scheme of yours with the polygenic was your idea, not Weasley's, huh?"

"Well yes, but he put the final touch on this part."

"This part?" she asked. "There is more?"

"You have no idea, Daphne." said Harry.

“Hmmm.” she huffed.

“So, tell, me, Daph, can you do anything else with that little mouth of yours?”

“You have no idea, Potter... you have no idea.”

Then she showed him.

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#### 4. Chapter 3: Potion Ingredients

Harry had just caught the snitch and went into a victory pass over the stands, only to come to an abrupt halt as he watched in horror as the two Slytherin beaters send both bludgers towards the Gryffindor crowds, where both collided violently into Hermione, sending her into an unmoving heap on the ground.

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Severus made his way amid the tombs, wondering why his lord asked him to meet him at the graveyard rather than up the hill, in Riddle manor.

As he approached the Dark Lord, the Dark Lord greeted him. "Hello, Severus," he said.

"My Lord! Severus exclaimed. "Why did you summon me here, my Lord?"

"Do you question your master?" the Dark Lord asked, dangerously, Still, he was in a good mood, Severus could see. "Never mind. I want you to perform a task for me, one that some of my followers might take offence with , and I do not want them to learn about it. Am I clear, Severus?"

"Yes my Lord", said the Death Eater.

"Good, good," said his master. "Now what I want you to do is this..."

"...and you will speak of this to no one, Severus, not a word. Do not ever repeat this conversation, or even to me. I will have you make a Wizarding Oath on that, Severus."

"Yes, Sir. "

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Severus made his way back from the Great-Hall of Hogwarts to his office after dinner. He pondered his options. The potion He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named dictated to him called for the brains of two pure-blooded wizards to the 7th degree, weighing so and so, aged so much, and with a brain capacity rivaling that of a flobberworm. They have to be freshly slain immediately prior to harvesting it and directly put to use. Where was he to acquire such ingredients? He heard a disturbance ahead.

"Ten points from Gryff-... Ah, Mr. Goyle, Mr. Crabb, please continue."

One of the apes grumbled something while the other just scratched.

Severus continued on his path. '... wait, apes?' he thought.

Turning around, he raised his wand and muttered "Stupify!"

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P.S. - forgot to add:

"We're running out of Polyjuice from second year, Harry," said Ron, "and Hermione is in no condition to help. And she wouldn't approve, anyway.

"Leave it to me, Ron, I'll take care of it." said Harry.

"If you're sure, mate."

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Over in the graveyard:

"...

"Oh! And Severus, before you go," Lord Voldemort paused.

"Yes my Lord?" inquired his potion-master.

"I will also need Polyjuice - for forty-seven people, to last four hours, no make it five, for safety, that is - let me think - that would be eleven cauldron full, right?" asked the Dark Lord. Snape nodded. "Good. Have it made by the end of the month, and deliver it to Malfoy Manor. No, no, don't go there yourself, send it along with one of the Hogwarts elves, I will have one of Lucius elves waiting for it."

"Yes, my Lord."

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Over at Hogwarts, one student was missing from supper.

"Dobby, Winky, I need to ask you to do me a favour," started Harry...

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The End

(for now)

A/N: Next on Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice, Severus Snape looks for a magical stone - in the stomach of a goat? Stay tuned for: "Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice episode 4: Bezoars!"

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Omake: Hermione the Harem Girl

By stealacandy

"How did you get Hermione of all people to join your harem, Harry?"

"Well, I wanted to cheer her up when she was in the hospital after all that time, she was upset about missing so many classes and all, you know. Personally, I was more upset at her nearly dieing there in the Quidditch field, but that's Hermione for you." he started.

"yes, she always had her priorities wrong. You remember in first year, 'we might die, or worse, be expelled!'"

“Anyway, so I wrote to Gilderoy Lockhart over at St. Mungos and asked for an autographed get well card for her, you know she always fancied him,” Harry continued.

“Yes.”

“But he’s a bit messy, the slob. Probably in a hospital robe, on a hospital bed - well, there were a few of his hairs stuck to the photograph he sent me, and I happened to have a Polyjuice potion available at hand, so...”

“Aha. Damn it, Harry!”

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Omake: Monkey Business

By stealacandy

“A potion to give gorillas a near-human intelligent?” asked the potion master in bewilderment. “Why would the dark lord want a potion that gives gorillas a near-human intelligent?” Did his master start reading the Quibbler now? Was he trying to cure Minister Fudge of his chronic stupidity? Severus Snape doubted even his considerable skill (inflated much in his mind and his ego, for sure, but still) couldn’t hope to achieve that. Then what?

He remembered the Dark Lord said not to tell the other Death Eaters. Maybe the Dark Lord despaired of some of his Death Eaters and decided to replace them with an army of trained gorillas? ‘That must be it,’ he thought. ‘probably Wormtail came up with that idea - he had the Dark Lord’s ear these days, being his personal manservant. Well, better test this potion to see if it works. Where do I get a gorilla?’

He tossed some Floo-powder into the fire and stuck his head in the flames. “Minerva McGonagall!” he called.

“Yes, Severus, how can I help you? Did one of the students do anything wrong?”

"I'm sure they did, professor McGonagall," said Snape, "but luckily for them, none of them did it where I could see - this time. I do need your help, however. I'm testing a potion, and I need some test subjects. "I'm reluctant to try it on the Gryffindor first year, as I believe you will miss them for some obscure reason - " Here McGonagall frowned, "So I thought to ask you to transfigure me some gorillas."

"You want me to transfigure you - cough, into, cough - a gorilla? Step away from the fire." ordered the transfiguration mistress, and walked into the flames.

... and promptly turned professor Snape into a gorilla - a female one.

It eeped.

It squeaked.

It screeched.

It hopped around.

(It released a lot of pheromones in its aggressiveness, but it went unnoticed.)

"Okay, Okay," said professor McGonagall, and turned the gorilla back into a disgruntled Severus Snape.

"I didn't ask to be transfigured into a gorilla, Minerva," he said hotly. "I ask you to transfigure me some gorillas - as in for me." he hastily added, before she would take him at his word again.

"Alright, Severus. Stand aside."

Professor McGonagall pointed her wand at some spare chairs and magicked them into living, breathing gorillas.

"Thank you, Minerva."

“Your welcome, Severus.” she said. “Now, where do you keep your Floo?”

After she was gone, Severus turned to feed his potions to the gorillas, which he found huffing about him, sniffing the air. “Stupefy! Stupefy! Stupefy! Stupefy! Stupefy!” he incanted, and all the gorillas fell to the ground.

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When Severus was done and all the gorillas got the potion, he enervated them - and they immediately attacked him. He tried to stun the first, but the gorilla dodged, and two others reached to snatch his wand away. Then they all jumped him. He was surprised when instead of tearing him to pieces, they just started humping him. He wasn't sure, however, whether he should be relieved, or not. 'Definitely Petegrew', was his last coherent thought before he passed out.

Which is why he never noticed where Colin Creevey was standing under an invisibility cloak, taking pictures like mad.

Colin found it all strangely arousing. 'I should ask Harry for a couple of pictures.' he thought.

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When Minerva McGonagall came back to the castle, she was greeted by her favourite student, miss Hermione Granger.

“Hello, professor, how was your day?” miss Granger asked.

“Why, thank you, Hermione. It was a lovely thing. I didn't know Muggles could work such magic! That was a very nice thing for you to do to me, miss Granger.” said the not-so-stern teacher.

Hermione blushed. “Well, err... It's from all of the Gryffindor students,” she began, “we all pitched in, to show our appreciation of you devotion and the care you take of us. Especially Harry - he

covered the deficit. And it was his idea from the start, you see. He's so considerate and agreeable lately - "

"Mr. Potter would make some lucky witch a great husband one day, indeed, miss Granger." smiled the aged professor.

"...and he started taking his studies seriously, too - why, a couple of days ago he had me spend hours with me practicing his transfiguration!" Hermione continued (to which McGonagall nodded, said "aha," and smiled knowingly.) "and - " but now, finally, Hermione's brain caught up with what her favourite professor said, and she blushed a deep red.

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## 5. Chapter 4: Bezoars

“Okay, Ron” whispered Harry, as the two entered Hogwarts on their way back from Quidditch practice. “You remember what we rehearsed?” Ron nodded. “Good. Here comes Snape.”

“So, Harry,” said Ron aloud. “How are you going to bag Greengrass?” They could see that got their potion teacher’s attention.

“Oh, I got this charm to do on her,” said Harry. Pulling a parchment from his pocket, he showed it to Ron. “Here, I have the instructions. I’m going to practice it on the goat in the room in the dungeons, the third door to the left from the old chamber pot storage chamber.” He waved the parchment in front of Ron’s face, who reached out to take it. “Nah-ha! Mine!” said Harry, and stuck the parchment back in his pocket.

“Still, Greengrass? Why her? She’s Slytherin!”

“Exactly,” said Harry. “Slytherin. Well, let’s be off, I still have some homework to do before I can sneak out and try it on the practice goat-dummy.”

Snape heard enough. As the two Gryffindors walked away, he silently levitated the parchment out of Harry’s pocket, then summoned it away from him. Taking it in his hand, he read it’s contents. It was obviously a spell, one that he did not recognize. This was his chance to get Potter, all the proof he needed, but he had to make sure this was not some elaborate hoax and find out first what exactly does the charm do. ‘So kind of Potter to provide me with a practice-dummy to try it on,’ he thought to himself. He returned and made his way to the dungeons.

“Did he buy it?” whispered Ron.

“Yes, he did,” smiled Harry. The two of them went on their way to Gryffindor tower.

“what I don’t get, is how are you getting Snape to participate,” asked Ron, “even if he does cast the charm on the goat?”

“Oh, that’s easy,” explained Harry. “I purred some goat pheromones on that parchment, and some lust inducing potions. Believe me, he will take his part...”

“Really?” wondered Ron. “How come you’re not affected then?”

“Quidditch gloves,” said Harry simply, and took his gloves off.

“Oh,” said Ron. “Where did you get goat pheromones?” he asked.

“Hog’s Head.” answered Harry.

On their way out from the Great Hall, Harry could have sworn he saw Blaise Zabini sniffing him.

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Rita Skitter perched in her animagi form on top of her little camera which she first set on top of a wardrobe, watching the goat strolling around the room. An anonymous tip informed her something juicy and interesting was about to happen here, but so far she saw nothing save that stupid goat. She took some pictures of it with her little spy-cam, just in case, but she was quickly losing interest when the door opened, and in came Severus Snape, also known as the most revealed and hated teacher in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. He was muttering something to himself, but all Rita caught of it was “Dumbledore... Goats... Potter... Slytherins... Potter... Dumbledore...”. She looked on.

To her amazement, Snape took his wand and cast a charm on the goat. She recognized it as the same one Aberforth Dumbledor once used. She had found it out when she was looking for dirty material about the Hogwarts headmaster.

She didn’t want to think about what happened next, less so to describe it to others. But she was a professional and that was her job and her duty, so she sucked it up and started composing an article, all the while jumping like mad on the camera’s shooting mechanism in excitement mixed with mild disgust.

'Hogwarts teacher caught in perversion' she thought. Then, 'Potion teacher to take care of magical creatures position?', 'What do they teach our children in Hogwarts?', 'Finest magical school in Europe!' 'Potion teacher engaged in debauchery calls Boy-Who-Lived's name!' and finally she decided to bring Dumbledore in - Snape did mention him, after all - 'Dumbledore rubs of on younger members of Hogwarts staff - are the students next?'

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Early next morning, Albus Dumbledore, in his nightgown, set by his office fire, enjoying the dancing flame and the surge of heat amidst the chill, when it turned green. In popped the excited head of one Kingsley Shacklebolt, auror extra-ordinare.

"Headmaster!" he called. "Have you seen today's Daily Prophet?"

"No," said the headmaster, "but I'm sure I would have found out if something important happened."

"Something important?" cried the auror. "I say, it is important. Read!" he stuck the newspaper into the flames for Dumbledore to catch.

A few minutes later, a dishevelled Albus Dumbledore made his way hurriedly down the stairs from his office, hurrying to go to the Ministry of Magic and straighten things out.

In his haste, he missed the sight of another Albus Dumbledore, dressed unimpeachably in a remarkable green and violet robe, hiding beneath an invisibility cloak, jumped behind him onto the stairs before the door shut close.

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When Ron Weasley woke up, something bothered him about his friend. He turned to wake Harry, but he wasn't there. He didn't like what he was thinking about, but before he could consider it, the door to the dormitory opened and in walked Harry Potter, carrying his shower kit and a towel with him. Ron sighed in relief.

"Hey Harry, morning." he said.

"Morning, Ron."

"Say, Harry," he began, "how did you get a goat?"

"I didn't," his friend said.

"Then how-?" he asked.

"I asked McGonagall to show me how to transfigure one for me."

"Wow, like she did in first year when she turned a table into a pig? Cool, Harry, it's very advanced stuff!" said Ron, with not a little jealousy.

"No, no," said Harry. "It's animal-to-animal transfiguration." he explained.

"Oh?" wondered Ron. "What poor animal did you condemn to get intimate with suck-up-Snivelus?"

"Hmmm. I transfigured a spider."

"A SPIDER?" said Ron, paling considerably at the thought of a goat-sized spider.

"Yeah, a baby acromentula." confirmed Harry.

"An ACROMENTULA!!!" yelled Ron. "Where did you get an acromentula?"

"Oh, I went into the forbidden forest and asked Aragog to borrow one of his great grand-children for a while." said Harry happily.

"Into the forbidden forest? Asked Aragog? Just like that?"

"No," said Harry, "I got some of Hagrid's hair from his beard. He always gets it entangled in the wood, so it's not hard to come by."

Then I used some Polyjuice and pretended to be him. I ruined a perfect set of robes, though. Had to enlarge another one before I could go in. You don't know how much trouble it was trying to sneak back here to the dorms as a naked Hagrid! And he's too big for my cloak too!" complained Harry. "Which reminds me, by the way - while I start on phase two of the plan, you have to return the spider to the forest - Ron? Are you alright?" he asked.

Ron fainted.

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In a cold room in the dungeons, Severus Snape moaned. It was so soft and warm and wet. Someone was eating him. ...Wait! Someone was eating him?

He jumped up, to see a little acromentula trying to chew him.

Looking for his wand, ('why am I naked?' he wondered,) he found it and cast "Stupefy!"

He would harvest it for potion ingredients later. Right now he had to find out what happened - but first he had to take a shower. 'Acromentula spittle. Yahck!'

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When he came back to the empty room, the room was indeed empty. There was no sign of the acromentula. Nor of the goat Snape was beginning to remember from last night.

He did have the proof he needed now, though.

He went to see Dumbledore.

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"Severus, come in," said Dumbledore. "What can I do for you, my boy?"

“Albus, how many times did I tell you not to call me that?” whined Snape.

“Nonsense, my dear boy,” said the headmaster. “care for a lemon drop?” he asked, pushing the lemon-drop tray towards his potion instructor.

“No, thank you sir. Now, I want to know what are you going to do about Potter!”

“Potter? Oh?” said Dumbledore. “What about him?”

“He did some charm to compel one of my Slytherins, miss Daphna Greengrass, to become his girlfriend!”

“Ridiculous, Severus, my boy.” said the aged man. “I’m sure it is his natural charm. Every girl in this castle would count herself lucky to be his friend. He’s so much like his father these days, it is amazing!”

“Arrgghh!” said Snape. “Here! Look!” he trusted the parchment he took from Potter the day before into the headmaster’s hands. “He has bewitched her, I tell you!”

“Looks like my brother’s handwriting,” commented the headmaster. “I will have some words with him about it later, letting someone of your disposition to come by this particular spell.” he muttered. “Anyway,” he added, “I’m very concerned about Voldemort.”

“Oh?” asked Snape casually, thoughts about Potter forgotten for the moment. “What about the Dark Lord?”

“Well, you see, the muggles, doing some digging, stumbled across an ancient site, and dug out an enormous magical stone, a vast power source. It makes the philosopher stone look like a little child’s marvels in comparison. No one else had clued into it yet, but I fear what may happen if Tom would find out about it, if he put his hand on it.”

“Oh?” Snape urged him on.

“Yes,” continued the headmaster. “I must get it away from them, and from him. But how do I get it from amongst the muggles? Oh, well, in two days they will be somewhat occupied, I hear. Maybe I’ll sneak in then?”

“Where is the stone, headmaster?” asked Snape.

“Oh, the stone? It’s in...”

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“Did you survive the acromentula, Ron?” asked Harry.

“No, I dared Seamus to carry it to the forest.”

“And did he?”

“Yes,” said Ron. “And now I owe him a date with Ginny. How am I going to pull that one?”

“Beats me,” said Harry. ‘But at least it would keep her of my case,’ he didn’t add.

“Anyway, what are you doing?” asked Ron. Harry was tossing pieces of torn parchment into the fire in the common room.

“Destroying the evidence.” Harry said.

“Huh, did he give you the parchment back?”

“Yup.” said Harry.

“Okay.” said Ron. “How is it you’re not affected by the lust potion?” he asked, after a while.

“Who said I’m not?”

“Wh-? Ah.” Ron backed away.

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Snape made his way through the Dark Headquarters to be faced by his colleagues sniggers and outright laughter. But he didn't have the time to demand explanations. 'Probably laughing over that joke with the gorillas.', he thought. Better not to mention it to his Master. Better never to speak of it again, he concluded, on a second thought. But right now he had urgent news for his master

"My Lord, ..." he started...

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"He thinks I bewitched you, love." said Harry to the fair-haired beauty in his arms.

"Oh, you most certainly bewitched me, Mr. Potter," she laughed.

"Well," he said, "I have a treat for you."

"And what, prey tell," Daphne chided, "are you planning?"

"Well," Harry said, pulled a potion phial and drank it, frowning for an instant. "I had some of Hagrid's hair left, and I know you like it big..."

"Oh, Harry!" she cried happily. "You shouldn't have..."

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"Professor, Professor," cried Blaise Zabini, as he barged, unsummoned, into his head-of-house's office.

"Impudent...!" the professor began. "What is it now?"

"Professor, I just saw Daphne Green grass in a broom closet and-"

"Greengrass!" cried the professor. "Ha! I will have Potter this time! He would be expelled!"

"Potter, sir?" asked Zabini? "What does Potter have to do with anything?"

“Didn’t you say he was with Greengrass?” demanded the potion teacher.

“No sir,” said Blaise. “She was with Professor Hagrid, sir.” pausing, he sniffed. “Do I smell a goat?” he asked.

“Arrrrggh!” cried Snape, and kicked Zabini out of his office.

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Two days later, a third of the Death Eaters perished when they raided a training range, where the R.A.F. and S.A.S. had a conjoined exercise with live fire.

Only one Death Eater made it back to the Dark Lair. He was hit in the head and bleeding from multiple cuts, but was clutching a paper in his hand. Disoriented and not very coherent, he still managed to press it into Severus Snape’s hands while the later tried to heal his wounds, before he passed away.

Snape read the note, and ran to inform his master.

“Master!” he said. “It says here the muggles moved the stone to another country. They are hiding it in Saudi-Arabia, in a town called Mecca. There are co-ordinates here - they are...”

“Crucio!” said the Dark Lord.

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A couple of days later, another third of the Death Eaters were lynched by a mob of angry Muslims, enraged at a group of “trespassing Christian godless Devil worshippers” invading their holy of holies. Security cameras caught the whole things, and it was broadcasted and aired.

The world over, oblivators, aurors, accidental magic reversal squads, unspeakable and what not were called in to deal with the major breaking of the secrecy act. Ministerial investigations ensued, and

Ministries of Magic from all over the Muslim world filed formal complaints with the International Convention of Wizards and the British Ministry of Magic.

The Minister didn't care much about the complains he got, but when the ICW threatened to interfere, he had no choice but arrest some Death Eaters, mainly those he let out only a few months before, for a hefty sum, of course.

'Oh, well,' he shrugged. 'better them then me.' The ministry had to appear to be doing something, after all.

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Harry decided now was a good time to send Rita Skeeter another anonymous tip - this time, instead of a time, a place and a vague suggestion, he sent her an envelope full with photos of Severus Snape entertaining in his class room. Keeping company for five aroused gorillas. And a recipe of the potion he used on them, complete with an analysis of it's effects.

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A/N: Coming next on Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice, Cornelius Fudge has a problem. He has some Death Eaters in custody. What is he suppose to do with them now? Cover-up, of course!

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Omake: Lavender the Harem Girl

By stealacandy

Ron was hesitant to set his baby sister on a date - it felt like pimping her to him. Seamus reluctantly agreed to a date with Lavender Brown instead, if Ron could pull it off. So Ron turned to Harry for help. Harry suggested Polyjuice.

xxx xxx xxx

"What are you doing, Harry?" asked Lavender, as she walked in to find Harry Potter going through her personal stuff.

'Busted!' thought Harry, 'Damn, my Hermione Polyjuice wore off!' then he tried to explain: "Err... I was going through your stuff hoping to find some of your hair," he blurted.

"I'm sorry?" said Lavender. "I didn't catch that."

"I was going through your stuff hoping to find some of your hair," he said. "Sorry." he apologised.

"Oh, Harry, nothing to apologise for," she said. "I didn't know you cared."

"Well, Seamus made Ron promise to get him a date with you, and-"

"...and you thought you were losing me and wanted a souvenir, I see." she concluded. "Harry, that's so sweet of you, but I'm not going on a date with Seamus. There's only one wizard I like, you see."

"Yes?" said Harry in trepidation. His plan was falling into shambles.

"Here, look," said Lavender, and pulled a case from her nightstand. "See here, Harry? I got your hair too!"

Harry looked inside. She had more than just hair, it seemed. A lot of pictures - he didn't know people saw him there - and there - and there? She could also rival Dobby and his fetish with socks! - and underwear, too, and - "is that broom polish?" he asked.

"No, silly," she laughed. "It's wand polish!"

xxx xxx xxx

A few exhausting hours later, Harry Potter disentangled himself from the beauty laying in his arms. Lavender was still asleep. He smiled at her prone form. Then he reached and plucked two strands of hair from behind her ear. She stirred, then hummed happily.

Harry went down the stairs of the girl's dormitory, only to trip the anti-boys alarm on the staircase. Now that he wasn't Polyjuiced into a girl anymore, the ward recognised him for what he is and the stairs turned into a slide. Harry slid down hurriedly, before anyone would hear the alarms and come to investigate. He then ran the rest of his way up to the Gryffindor 6th year boys dormitory.

"What took you so long?" demanded Ron, angrily. "You got me all worried!"

"You were worried?" asked Harry, equally angry. "I got caught in the girls dormitory by a girl! Caught going through Lavender's stuff by none other then Lavender herself! You think you were worried! I didn't know how to get out of there! Do you know any idea what I just went through?"

"Merlin, mate, I don't want to even think about it!" agreed Ron.

"You don't?" asked Harry, bewildered. "I guess you wouldn't. Well, here is the hair. Are you ready for your date with Seamus?"

"Look Harry, I don't think I can do it! What will we do?"

"You can't? Really?" Harry was still bewildered. "Thanks for telling me now! Well, it's back to Ginny then, I guess."

"No!" cried Ron. "Maybe you can-?"

"Me!" shouted Harry. "Are you nuts? What would I do in a date with Seamus? Can't you think of anything else?"

They both looked at each other, thinking hard. Then-

"Colin!" they both said in the same time.

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A/N: Had to do some re-editting. Apparently, Auto-correct Spell-check did a number on this one!

## 6. Chapter 5: Cover-ups

"Dolores," Cornelius Fudge called.

"Yes, Minister?"

"The Death Eaters we have apprehended will speak, they will reveal all our secrets! we can't have that, can we?"

"No, Minister," replied the toad-like woman.

"Then this is what I want you to do. take several aururs with you and question them all with Veritaserum. Let them retell all their crimes, name names, tell tales, everything. Have a set of dictate-o-quills recording it all in three copies, then have them all sign their confessions with that delightful blood-quill of yours. Take one copy to the records department and shelve them, in the classified section - in case I ever need to prove I was doing my duty as minister, we'll need hard evidence then. You take one copy and remove anything incriminating or damaging to us. File that copy with Amelia over at DMLE. Make sure the aururs know not to contest it. The final copy give to Wetherby, let him compile a file of any incriminating blackmail material we can divulge from their confessions."

"Yes, Minister," said the Senior Undersecretary, and went on her way.

"Oh, Dolores, I almost forgot!" cried the minister, in indignation. "When you're done questioning them, and they all signed their confessions, see that they are all administered the kiss. I don't want any of them to tattle."

"Yes, Minister," said Madam Umbridge from the Doorway. 'Kill Lucius Malfoy?' she thought. 'Who would have thought it would ever come to that!'. Still, she had to protect the Minister. Protect herself.

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A few Hours later:

"So, Ron, how did you get Percy away?" asked Harry?

"I gave Millicent Bulstrude some Polyjuice and fertility potions. Some hair from Penelope Clearwater. And told her to seduce him." explained the tall redhead.

"Just like that?" asked Harry.

"Yeah, she's very ugly, no one will give her a second look. And she's biased, only wants a pure-blood. Well, we Weasleys may be blood-traitors, but we're still pure-blood, and Percy turned, a counter-traitor, if you will. SO she decided to get pregnant with his child, then they'll have to marry., My mother would see to it, if it's the last thing she does, you understand."

"Yeah," said Harry slowly, then shivered. 'Remind me to stay away from Ginny,' he thought.

"And where did you get Fudge's hair from?" asked Ron.

"Oh, that one was easy, I convinced Peeves to switch Fudge's bowler hat with Neville's grandma's, after I charmed it to look to Fudge like his usual hat. Then I just summoned any loose hair from the lining. And let me tell you, not all the hair there was from the head. Not all the hair there was from Fudge, either!"

"Really?" asked a bewildered Ron. "Who's hair was it?"

"You don't want to know," moaned Harry. "You don't want to know."

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"Now Madam Umbridge," said Percy, "the Minister instructed me to oblivate your memories of your interviews with the Death Eaters. As far as you're concerned, you got enough to incriminate them, then sent you them to the dementors."

"I- Oh- well, if the Minister says so, I suppose." said the obnoxious woman.

"Good. Oblivate!"

“Remember, you’re never to talk about it with anyone. If you do, it could be all our heads!”

After the Senior Undersecretary to the Ministry of Magic left his cupboard of an office, the Junior Undersecretary made his retreat away from the ministry building, clutching a big envelope in his hand.

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Finite

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A/N: I couldn't make up my mind who's hair it should be in Fudge's lime green bowler hat, so I went with the "you don't want to know" line. If you have any suggestions, let me know, I might change it.

Next on Power of Polyjuice, Harry Potter takes on a new career and tries out military life. For once, Severus Snape is proved right about him getting a special treatment, as Harry is immediately promoted to a captain. Coming next is: Young Soldiers!

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Omake: Daphne the Harem Girl, part #2

By stealacandy

“Oh, Harry,” cried Daphne in tears, “I can’t see you anymore, Daddy won’t allow me!”

“Don’t cry, my love,” said Harry. “Leave it to me, I will sort everything out.”

Before he said that, however, he had some long, passionate goodbye sex with Daphne.

After he said that, they had some long, passionate back-together sex.

Then they just had some sex for fun.

Then he went to look through the dossier Madam Umbridge was so kind to provide him with.

He'd have to ask Hermione to teach him her duplicating charm.

xxx xxx xxx

"Dear Mr. Greengrass," the letter read,

"I understand your concern about my relations with your daughter and I assure you my intentions towards her are anything but honourable.

Please reconsider your stand on the issue.

To give you some motivation to consider it, I added a few documents to this letter. Please look into the attached packet.

Yours,

Harry Potter."

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Omake: Giant Mistake

By stealacandy

"How big is your love how big is your love, cause I need to know, cause we're living in a world of fools, putting us down, when they should just let us be..." hummed Daphne. She didn't know where she picked up that tune, and it annoyed her to no ends. "How big is your love, how big is your love, show me cause I need to- mumph!" she didn't finish, as Harry caught her, swept her off her feet and turned her around in the air, capturing her lips in his,

"Come," he said, and dragged her away to the second floor.

"Where- " she began, but Harry cut her off. "That's a surprise." he said.

“Harry, that’s a girl’s bathroom!”

“Well, I couldn’t take you to a boy’s bathroom, could I? Hisssss.”

“Wah-” she began asking, when the sinks began to move. Soon, a dark, gaping hole opened in front of them. Harry shoved her down. “Braaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she yelled.

When both hit the ground, she asked “Harry, what is it? What is this place?”

“That, my dear Daphne,” said Harry, “is the chamber of secrets, and where I am going to have my way with you.”

“And you couldn’t have your way with me somewhere else,” she asked, “say, more comfortable and less filthy?”

“No. Not enough room.”

“Harry, what do you mean?”

“Well, you just said you wanted me to show you how big is my love, because you needed to know, didn’t you?”

“Harry, that was a song!”

“Yes, anyway, you remember when I Polyjuiced into Hagrid?”

“Yes, why, you got more of his hair?”

“No. I got something better: Hair from Grawp!” said Harry as he pulled a potion vial and a strand of hair from his pocket.

“Harry, who’s Grawp?”

“You will see.” said Harry, and drank the potion...

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A/N: Yeah, that's a song by the Bee-Gees. They annoy me greatly too.

They're still about the only disco band I would even consider listening to.

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## 7. Chapter 6: Young Soldiers

"These co-ordinates, sir?" asked the gunnery sergeant. "They're in the middle of a bloody town!"

"Actually, said the captain, they are on the outskirts, on top of a hill of to the west. The Army bought the site and the house is planned for demolition. Apparently someone decided to cut costs on engineering and give us some practice at levitated targets."

"Yes Sir," said the sergeant and turned around to order the men in his battery.

The captain went on to the next gun, thinking about how foolish muggles are to just throw their hair away, toss it on the floor at the barber shop, without a second thought. And how lucky it is that some officers are vain enough to use a professional, civilian barber.

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A couple of hours later, a bewildered army captain woke up.

"Bllrrrrmp," he said. That was one hangover he had. He had to get this drink again - Ogden Firewhiskey? That stuff was awesome! He looked around at the unfamiliar surroundings. He didn't see his uniform anywhere, and didn't remember where he discarded them. And there was a cat in bed. One of these awful creatures with no hair. These were expensive, the captain knew. 'Seems I begged an upper-class wench this time.' thought the captain. 'One more notch in my sword,' he sniggered. Then -

A young, Asian-looking man in a flowery pink bathrobe walked in.

"Good morning, handsome," he greeted.

With dawning comprehension, a look of horror appeared on the captain's pretty face. His headache came back with vengeance, pounding on him like his favourite artillery pieces.

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At the top of a hill, over by the peaceful village of Little Hangleton, Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters were having a very different kind of headache. Yet in ways, it was very similar. It, too, felt like the pounding and hammering of artillery. But to the uninformed Death Eaters, it was ("What the-") Hell.

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In another military base, a RAF airbase this time, four soldiers were taking a nap - in a storage room. Tied to a pole. But nobody missed them. As far as their mates and commanders were concerned, the soldiers were where they should be - in a cargo airplane, on their way to do a parachuting exercise.

The red light turned green. "Go go go!" said the sergeant. The soldiers started purring out, but three hesitated. The first went to the door, took a look out, then stepped back in, holding the other soldiers behind him. 'What?' one thought. 'That crazy muggles jump out in the middle of the air, without a broom! And they want me to jump too? No way I'll jump.' He said that much.

The sergeant wouldn't have any of it. He just pushed the paratrooper out, then the next one, and the next one, and the next...

Death Eaters might just learn something about muggles in muggles-studies classes at Hogwarts if they bothered with them, but it doubtful that they ever encountered a parachute. Which is why three Death Eaters, currently dropping from 10,000 feet and falling, never opened theirs. For some reason, the reserve parachute didn't open either.

A fourth paratrooper was having the time of his life. He always enjoyed the feeling of freedom in the air - and this could equal a broom - perhaps it was even better in ways. "Bang bang, I shut you down, bang bang, You hit the ground, bang bang, I shut you down, bang bang, you hit the ground, bang bang." he hummed to himself.

He was still humming it an hour later, when he made his back to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

“I didn’t know you liked Nancy Sinatra.” said Hermione.

“Who?” asked Harry?

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A/N: I’m not really pleased with this chapter - it seems forced. But that’s ot, that’s all I’ve got. The next chapter is bound to be better. The second part for sure! Just you wait...

Next on Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice, Harry Potter volunteers to tutor a student while Severus Snape decides to find whether his best student is up for a challenge. He tests him on Potion Theo-ry.

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Omake: Lavender and Brown

By stealacandy

Harry enjoyed his free-fall so much, he decided to take fight that night.

‘Hmmm...’ he thought. ‘Time to test Sirius’s old Triumph.’ He put on his dragonhide jerkin and transfigured himself some accessories, then snuck away through the underground tunnel to Honeydukes in Hogsmead,

He crashed into something, and a lot of little things crawled all over him. A quick “Lumus!” later and his wand was lit, so he could see-

“Chocolate cockroaches! Yack!”

Harry reckoned he couldn’t go flying like that, so he gave up on his plan for the night. Turning about, he walked back to the school and Gryffindor tower where he could take a nice shower and clean up.

“Harry!” cried Lavender. “What happened to you? Look at you! You’re wearing leather and you’re covered all over with chocolate! Hmmm... I like that...” taking his hand in hers, she licked his fingers.

All thought of flying flew away from Harry, and Lavender helped him clean. They still had a shower together later, though.

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## Omake: Pleasure Cruise

By stealacandy

"What are you trying to do?", asked the lieutenant.

"Err... I can explain," said Harry. "I was just-"

"Is that Polyjuice potion in your hand?" asked the lieutenant.

"Huh? How do you know about potions and Polyjuice?" asked a bewildered Harry.

"Potions?" said the lieutenant. "I'm a squib. I can't do magic, but I did study potions."

"Oh," said Harry. "Then what are you doing in the navy?"

"Well, my family didn't want me, what with me being a squib and everything, so they sent me away. It is a time honoured practice for squibs to either join the military or take on religious orders. Well, look at me, I'm not cut to be a nun-" Harry heartily agreed to that, "-so I joined the navy. It's a good life. But the men are jerks. I've been searching for a man after my own heart for a long time, but all those muggles do is annoy me to no ends. Now, Mr. Potter - yes, I know who you are, you are quite famous, you know," - that, at Harry surprised look, - "As I see it, you have two options. You are breaking and entering in Her Majesty's Ship, and the punishment for that is severe. So either I report you in, and you face the consequences, or you help me with my little problem."

"Solving problems is my thing, said Harry, "what ails you?"

"I already told you," said the lieutenant. None of the men I come across are sufficient. They lack... a certain touch. A certain magic, if you wish. You, on the other hand, Mr. Wizard, I believe, are exactly what I've been looking for."

"I... see. Well I guess I'll just have to lend you a hand." said Harry, gulping.

"I'm glad you choose right, Harry. Now, let's start again. I'm lieutenant Aurelia Entwhistle, but please call me Ori"

"Hey Ori, nice to meet you. I'm Harry Potter." said Harry. "Say, Ori, do you have a sea-captain hat?"

"I certainly do, ensign Potter, I most certainly do."

xxx xxx xxx

'Navy', thought Harry. 'That's the life. I wonder if they have aeroplanes in sea as well?'

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: How can someone called Ariel be so dirty?

By stealacandy

"Hey, Harry," said a Ravenclaw 4th Harry didn't recognise. Though she did look slightly familiar, he thought, but he couldn't place her. "Do I know you?", he asked, abruptly.

"Emm.. No, not really." she said. "But you date my sister."

"I do?" wondered Harry. "And who might she be?"

"Oh, my sister is Ori Entwhistle. I'm Ariel, Ariel Entwhistle. My sister and I used to be very close to each other, but then she became an adult, and that was as much as my father would support her, so he drove her away. My brother, Kevin, follows suite, he barely

acknowledges her, but she's still my favourite sister. We write to each other all the time - and well, she told me to give this to you for her."

"Give me what?" asked Harry.

"This," said Ariel, and jumped him up, crushed him in a hug and kissed him soundly on the lips. Then she dragged him to a broom closet.

"Excuse me," came a voice from within the closet, "this closet is occupied. Oh, Ariel, it's you! Sorry, I thought you were somebody else. Did you bring him?"

"Yes, Romi, here he is." answered Ariel, and pushing Harry in, she stepped in behind him, and closed the door.

"Hello, Harry." said the husky voice from with in. "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Romilda Vain. I'm 4th year Gryffindor. And you are Harry Potter. About to be shagged senseless, I'd say."

'I swear they keep getting younger.' thought Harry.

Then he got treated to some more of the Entwhistle sisters' trademark passionate love. Thinking 4th years was taking it to far, he tried to resist. But it was all in Vain...

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: I'm not sure if Romilda's last name is Vane or Vain. I'm pretty sure it's not Vein.

"How can someone called Ariel be so dirty" said some French (I think. Or Italian? Belgian? Not sure) premier about Israel's late prime-minister (Or is he dead yet?) Ariel Sharon, who evacuated many of his citizens from their homes and gave the Gaza strip away to the Gazan Palestinians so they could establish a new terrorist state and he could divert public attention away from his son's criminality and corruption complications.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

## 8. Chapter 7: Potion Theo-ry

THIS IS A PLACE HOLDER FOR A MISSING SCENE - THERE ARE SEVERAL PAGES OF REAL STORY BELOW.

I'M STILL WRITING IT, COMING UP WITH AN ORIGINAL POTION ISN'T AS EASY AS IT SEEMS -

YOU GOT TO ADMIRE THE JOB JKR DID IN THE EARLY BOOKS WHEN CREATING POTIONS THAT ACTUALLY MADE SENSE, AT THAT PERIOD HER BOOKS WERE FULL OF IDEAS FROM MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND, CREATURES AND STUFF LIKE THAT, AS WELL AS HERBS, MANY OF WHICH WERE REAL ZOOLOGICAL AND BOTANICAL THINGS FROM OUR WORLD.

- YOU HAVE TO COME UP WITH INGREDIENTS THAT MAKE SENSE, A REACTION THAT MAKE SENSE, A RESULT THAT MAKES SENSE - WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO DO THIS AT THIS TIME - I DID IT ENOUGH IN "POTION INGREDIENTS" - NOT THE CHAPTER, THE STORY, I HAVE YET TO POST IT ON FF. NET -

THIS TIME I'M TRYING TO CREATE A POTION THAT WOULD BLOW UP AND EXPLODE, BASED ON MUGGLE CHEMISTRY, WITHOUT THE WIZARDS REALIZING IT AHEAD OF TIME - I FIGURED THE WIZARDS DON'T KNOW CHEMISTRY, AND MOST AREN'T EVEN ON PAR WITH PRE-RENASANCE ALCHEMISTS! SO POTION MASTERS DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY THINGS REALLY HAPPEN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. IT'S JUST ONE POTION MASTER HAD AN ACCIDENT AND SUCH AND SUCH AHPPENED, AND THE REST SAW AND LEARNED AND HAVE BEEN DOING THE SAME LIKE AUTOMATONS. WELL, AT LEAST FOR THIS STORY I DECIDED IT SHOULD BE THIS WAY.

SO I'M TRYING TO CREATE A POTION THAT WOULD BLOW THE BREWER BASED ON VIOLENT CHEMICAL REACTIONS (PROBABLY SOMETHING TO DO WITH ACID, WATER AND A SPARK) BUT WOULD OTHERWISE MAKE SENSE TO A WIZARD - AND IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.

PARTICULARLY AS I NEVER LEARNED PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY - I TOOK BASIC CHEM IN UNI TO COMPENSATE FOR TAKING MATH, PHYSICS AND COMPUTER SCIENCE INSTEAD, THEN GENERAL CHEM. WHICH DEALT MORE WITH STUFF ON ATOMIC AND SUB-ATOMIC LEVEL, THEN WENT ON TO ORGANIC CHEM AND BIO CHEM, WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH VIOLENT EXPLOSIONS, AND WAS PURE THEORY, ANYWAY.

SO PLEASE, IF ANY OF YOU, MY FAITHFUL READERS, HAS ANY KNOWLEDGE WITH CHEMISTRY AND CARES TO HELP ME WITH THIS, THEN PLEASE CONTACT ME.

YOUR HELP IS APPRECIATED.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“Men! I like tutoring!” thought Harry.

“Do you, Mr. Potter?”

“Huh?” asked Harry.

“I asked if you liked tutoring, Mr. Potter.” said professor Flitwick.

“Oh.” said Harry. “Did I say it out loud?”

“Yes you did.” told him the professor.

“Okay. And yes, I like tutoring. It rules!”

“I’m glad to hear that.” said the charms instructor. “Then perhaps you can help me with a problem. I couldn’t help but notice your wandwork improved so much lately. Soon you would rival your mother ability to charm!” he said.

‘Ewww...’ thought Harry. ‘that didn’t sound right!’

“Now, I have a student, a Sally-Anne Perks. She is in your year - or used to be, at least. She was sorted into Slytherin House back when

you both started attending Hogwarts - in fact, she was sorted right before you did.” said the teacher. “However, she is a muggle-born, and many Slytherin students took offence to having someone like her in their midst. I’m afraid to say that Severus, instead of helping, only made the problem worse. Miss Perks sucked it up and bore the worse of it, until a year and a half ago, when He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named came back to life. That seemed to have emboldened several of her fellow Slytherin students who took it upon themselves to torture her, prosecute her, issue her daily death-threats and make her miserable all around. Dolores Umbridge and her vindictiveness against all things not Pure-Blood didn’t do much good for the situation, and, in her tenure as a headmistress, was all too happy to allow miss Perks to leave Hogwarts to the muggle world - after assigning her several detentions for claiming her fellow students threatened to sic their Dark Lord on her.”

“Did anyone punish the bastard?”

“I’m afraid not, Mr. Potter.” Professor Flitwick wasn’t happy with that either, so much so he didn’t bother to correct Harry’s foul language. “Albus wouldn’t allow it. He believes we should let those kids see the error of their ways on their own. Forcing them to acknowledge it, he believes, would just create resentment in them.” His tone of voice left little room for speculation about how he felt about that. “This year, however, with Umbridge gone and the ministry openly acknowledging You-Know-Who’s return, Pomona and I managed to convince miss Perks to come back to Hogwarts and finish her education. We explained to her parents and her it would be for her benefit, not to mention she had already made herself a target to the Death-Eaters and their spawns’ torment, and she should be able to protect herself with a wand and to defend herself. And that here at Hogwarts she may still be a target, but her parents will not. Unfortunately for her, Dolores Umbridge took the liberty to snap miss Perks’s wand, and her new wand is a slightly less than ideal match. But she gets used to it.

“Now, miss Perks has been resorted into Ravenclaw house, thus it falls onto me to assign her student tutors - Oh, yes - her only condition for returning to complete her education here was that she would not lose the year. So while she still has to take her OWL exams at the end of this school year, she simultaneously studies the

sixth year curriculum, which is why she is in need of help and of tutors. Now, if it was up to me, I would have assigned her to my best students from the beginning, and try to keep friction between miss Perks and her former house-mates at a minimum, but Albus, -" professor Flitwick greeted his teeth, "- insisted she will be tutored by a student from each house, including Slytherin, to help 'ease' her way back into the student community. That worked well enough with Miss Dawning from Gryffindore and Miss Bones from Huffelpuff - she's in your year, I believe. But Mr. Corner from Ravenclaw constantly complains about this extra duty, and Mr. Zabini of Slytherin just took the opportunity to continue tormenting her like he and his friends did before. He even invited his friends to join in the amusement. Faced with the possibility Miss Perks would leave Hogwarts again, this time for good, Albus finally caved in, and allowed me to assign Miss Perks tutors based on merit, willingness and skill. I find you will do just great in tutoring Miss Perks in the wand waving subjects, Charms and Defence against the Dark Arts. That is, if it is agreeable with you, Mr. Potter?"

"By all means, professor, I'll be delighted to help." said Harry. And he really meant it.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

"...and you hold your wand like that," said Harry, and took Sally's hand in his. "and-"

Looking at his right hand, she cut him off. "Oh, that horrible woman did this to you too?" she covered his hand with hers.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

"... and then you swish about like so, and...

"... and yow say the words softly, chew on them...

"... and keep your movements soft, yet precise...

"... and then you finish with a flourish...

“... and you thrust your wand back and forth - here, try this, do a repeated motion, yes, like that...

“Ain’t you a charmer, Harry, huh?”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Standing behind Sally, Harry couldn’t understand why she accidentally rubbed into him all the time. No matter how much distance he initially kept between them, she would eventually find her way back into him, rubbing her backside into his pelvic area.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“Ooof!” said Sally. “It’s so hot in here!”

‘In the winter?’ wondered Harry? “Well, I can teach you a cooling charm.”

Sally sighed. “Please do.”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“You just need to find a happier thought, that’s all” told her Harry, when Sally-Anne failed (again) to get any results worth mentioning when attempting to cast the patronus.

Sally smiled sadly and nodded her head.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

When Harry turned around to correct Sally’s movement he came face-to-face with her. On an impulse, he took her chin in his hand. She looked at him questionably. He didn’t know what made him do it, but the next moment he kissed her lips lightly. He was about to detach himself and apologise, when-

“Finally!” said Sally-Anne and pulled Harry into a deep kiss.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“You held my wand before, Harry,” said Sally-Anne, as she took hold of the hem of his robe, “Now let me hold yours...”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“Since I was little, I used to take things In my mouth. I always chewed on my pens, and later, even on quills - which really taste awful, by the way. One thing I really missed this past year was Honeydukes’s Sugar-Quills. I really love those - if you want to buy me a present or something - and you should try one sometime (they come in packages of five, and I’ll be happy to liberate you of the other four - or share the first one with you, Harry, even.)

“One thing I always resisted taking in my mouth was my wand. I was afraid if I chew it I’ll be hit by some magical backlash. Funny, isn’t it? Huh, that bitch of a toad snapped my wand and didn’t so much as singed her toe-nails. I wish there was a magical backlash to fry the bitch a little!” Sally exclaimed.

“But I think, just this time, I might try and take your wand in my mouth and chew on it a little, the backlash be damned!”

Three to fifteen minutes later:

“Aaahh!” cried Sally-Anne. “That really was a magical backlash!”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

“My shield charm is no good, Harry,” Sally-Anne complained. “You still always get to penetrate my defences!”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: I just realized I wrote “When Harry met Sally!”. I was planning an Untouchables! Harry Potter story, with Harry as Kevin Costner, but I suppose Tom Hanks would do just as well. But I didn’t picture Meg Ryan as Sally-Anne Perks. I was picturing her more like that evil alien woman-look-alike from Men-in-Black II, to say the truth - Meg Ryan is

just too sweet. Can't see her seducing anyone, let alone joining an harem. Not in a long shot.

But isn't this mushy fluff? I'm appalled at what I wrote. I mean, "He didn't know what made him do it, but the next moment he kissed her lips lightly" - that's JKR's "The Kiss" worthy! Yachhk! Still, disgusting or not, I'm too lazy to rewrite it, so the kiss stays.

On the next installation of Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice, Hang on a moment, I can't remember what comes next... Oh, here it is. Right. Next on the Power of Polyjuice, is Beetlemania, dedicated to our favourite Rock-band, err... I mean reporter, Rita Sketter, who does her job properly for once (more-or-less) and Harry's harem is found out. Ron is a little dense, Hermione takes offence, Harry finds new ways to relieve tense, Tonks shows how to use metamorphing to enhance, and this little song doesn't make any sense, does it? Read on, anyway. Just my twopence.

After that magical backlash bit, I wanted to have Sally-Anne add that it was better than sugar-quills, too, but innuendos only go so far, you know.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake? Do you still want an Omake after this? The whole damned chapter was one big harem! Omake to begin with!

Okay, Okay, Here goes:

Omake: Two is Better Than One

By stealacandy

"Hey Sally-Anne, Sally-Anne, When we were at school our games were simple. You use my mind and I'll be your teacher; When the lesson's over you'll be with like a woman to me, Hey Sally-Anne, What's your game now?" Harry was humming to himself. "Hey Sally-Anne, Hey Sally-Anne, Hey..."

"Isn't the song suppose to be 'Carrie-Anne', Harry?"

“Wha-? Oh, a Freudian slip, I suppose.” said Harry.

“So who is this Sally-Anne you’re singing about?”

“Oh, she? She’s a girl I’m tutoring in charms, professor Flitwick asked me to.”

Hermione was a bit miffed. Not only Harry was studying with another girl. No professor asked her to tutor anyone! Still, “ Oh, Harry! Can I join you? I will help! And you can help me! Please?”

“Okay, I suppose. Two are better than one.” said Harry. “But you should really ask Sally-Anne about it, not me - it’s her tutoring lessons, after all.”

“Right. I’ll go speak with her.” said Hermione. “Who is she again?”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Poor Sally-Anne, she’s such an insignificant character in the Harry Potter novels, nobody remembers her - not even the author who created her, the esteemed Miss J. K. Rowling. So after being sorted in Harry Potter and the Philosopher Stone - did she actually get into a house, or was even that little bit neglected? - she disappears in the background - so much so that in Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix when they call out the names of the students taking their OWLs, they forgot about her! Where did she go? Hey Sally-Anne, What’s your game now, can anybody play?

The Harry Potter Lexicon website has very little to say about out Miss Sally-Anne Perks, only suggesting she might have left Hogwarts sometime between books 1 and 5, for some yet unexplainable reason, so I came up with an alternative that brought her back to Hogwarts, straight into Harry’s awaiting hands. I thought this was the perfect setting for what I needed, I wanted Flitwick to stick Harry with tutoring someone after he hears him comment to himself how he likes tutoring, and Harry can’t say no - he likes it so much, after all - with put raising suspicion. the girl missed a year, she’s the perfect candidate for

tutoring. Then her name got stuck in my head and just swept me up of my feet. If you read on, you may understand why.

I'm sorry if it's a bit mushy and stuff, but I just fell in love with the name Sally-Anne, and of course I immediately thought of the Hollies' song "Carrie Anne" - which of course was written about Marianne Faithful, only they didn't have the guts to out-right come out and sing it about her, so they came up with this made up name. The most it makes you think of is Carrie-Anne Moss, and if her charms have faded, it's not such a great loss, and I'm rhyming again, so I'll stop now while I'm ahead.

But when you're talking about Marianne Faithful - well, if that's not mushey fluff, then I don't know what is. That song she sang, I forgot it's name or lyrics, about the years going by, and the tears going by - well, you get the picture - you just smile sadly and remember fond memories.

Sorry about the rant.

xxx xxx xxx

Now, I did a little search on the web, and here's the lyrics for the song. I mean, this is just custome-tailored for a story about tutor-pupil romance, don't you think?

Carrie Anne

By the Hollies, no idea who wrote the lyrics, nor the tune. If you read this and you know, then let me know, I'll add their names here. Same goes for the copyrights owner.

x

Hey Carrie Anne

Hey Carrie Anne

x

When we were at school our games were simple

I played the janitor you played a monitor

Then you played with older boys and prefects

What's the attraction in what they're doing?

x

(Chorus)

Hey Carrie Anne What's your game now

Can anybody play

Hey Carrie Anne

What's your game now

Can anybody play

x

You're always something special to me

Quite independent never caring

You lost your charm as you were aging

Where is your magic disappearing

x

Chorus

x

You're so, so like a woman to me

so like a woman to me

So, so like a woman to me

So like a woman to me

x

Chorus

x

People live and learn

But you're still learning

You use my mind and I'll be your teacher

When the lesson's over you'll be with me

Then I'll hear the other people saying

x

Hey Carrie Anne

What's your game now

Can anybody play

Hey Carrie Anne

What's your game now

Can anybody play

x

Carrie Anne

Carrie Anne

Carrie Anne

Carrie Anne

Carrie Anne

x

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: yup, that's it. Hope you enjoyed. Now click that "Submit Review" button to the left (it says "go") and tell me how much, then that "next chapter" button to the right (the one that says " ") and go onto the next chapter.

Thank you,

stealacandy

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

## 9. Chapter 8: Beetlemania

"Very good, Mr. Malfoy," said the middleman, as he batted a water-beetle away. "Your hidden account at Barclays Bank in London will be closed within 3 business days and all the money left there would be transferred to Cornelius Fudge's and Dolores Umbridge's accounts. That is 851-78986... am I correct?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly, the account numbers are 851-78986... and 851-79854..."

"Right, 851-78986... and 851-79854... it is. A pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Malfoy."

As the two men rose to their feet, a water beetle was blinking it's distinctive eyes. When Rita Skeeter caught sight of Lucius Malfoy, who was supposed to be in Ministry custody again, walking free and in Muggle business suite, no less, she hoped to catch some juicy piece of gossip. She never expected that, no she didn't. She hurried away to the nearest abandoned alley and apparated to the Daily Prophet building. She had some things to discuss with the editor-in-chief.

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"Do you think she bought it?" asked the middleman.

"Do you think she didn't?" countered Mr. Malfoy. "We only repeated it three times for her to hear, what do you think?" he sneered a trademark Malfoy Sneer.

"Blighme," said the middleman. "How did you get Malfoy's hair?"

"Well," said Mr. Malfoy, whose features suddenly started to morph, "For years Narcissa pretended her husband loved her, so she would get some muggle kid or another to take Poyjuice and impersonate him with her. I paid the muggle off and took his place."

"And didn't even have to use our own Polyjuice for it! Brilliant, mate" congratulated Ron.

"Huh? Of course I used our Polyjuice," interjected Harry. "How else would I turn into Lucius Malfoy?"

"You said you got Polyjuice with his hair from his wife!" exclaimed Ron.

"Yeah!" said Harry, exasperated. "I got Polyjuice from her to get into her bed. Well, to go to her bedroom I have to get into her home first, so I went in and raided her stash of Malfoy hair on my way to bed."

"What!" cried the middleman indigently, his face turning a red shade to match the red hues that started to appear in his hair. "Harry! How could you sleep with-"

"-with a very beautiful, sensuous blonde mega-babe?" said Harry. "Well, you see how dedicated I am to the cause? How many sacrifices I make?"

"But, but," Ron struggled for words "She's a Malfoy! She's Draco's mum, for Merlin's sake!"

"Well, you must admit Draco looks like a very pretty young girl," said Harry. "If he had the equipment to match, I'd have gone after him, er.. her, too. In a heart beat."

"But I thought you liked Ginny!" blurted Ron.

"Ginny?" Harry was bewildered. "How on Earth did you come to that conclusion?"

"She's a redhead. She's a girl. Who else would you fancy?" asked Ron. "Your mum was a redhead!"

"So that's a reason for me to fall for a redhead myself, Ron?" demanded Harry, a little miffed. "Is my name Oedipus?"

"Huh?" huhed Ron.

"Never mind, I don't want to think about that particular mental image." Harry shuddered. "If I wanted a redhead, I would have gone after Tracy Davis. Or Susan Bones - she is padded in all the right places, you know. Hmmm... Or I could go for That 5th year, what's her name? And none of them have six overbearing brothers, a crazy, possessive mother, and a penitence for stalking, Ron. So I think I'll pass on your sister, thank you."

"But, but," stammered Ron.

"Besides, I don't like redheads all that much. I'm circulating between Luna, Lavender and Daphne, Ron, you must have noticed?"

'Daphne who?' thought Ron. 'Wait, Daphne Greengrass? As in Slytherin bitch Daphne Greengrass?'

"What do they all have in common, Ron?"

"Err... they're all girls? In our year?" tried Ron.

"Humpf." huffed Harry. "They are all BLONDE, Ron. They're all blonde. And well endowed. And so is Mrs. Malfoy!"

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

"What is it I hear about all blonds, Harry?" demanded Hermione. "You sexist pig, what am I, a one-night stand?"

"I thought- I didn't think- " stammered Harry.

"I can see that!" huffed Hermione.

"I didn't think you'd want me - I thought you just wanted Lockhart!"

"That idiot?" laughed Hermione, "What would I have to do with him?"

"Because you slept with me w-"

"Right," Hermione cut him off, "I slept with you, Harry, and I continue to do so!"

“Really?” he asked. “What about Ron?”

“What about him?” asked Hermione.

“I though you liked him?”

“What gave you that idea?” asked Hermione.

“Well, he likes you!” said Harry, in a way of explanation.

“And that means...” asked Hermione.

“Err... I dunno.”

“Harry, I don’t like redheads much. I like brunets. Didn’t you realise I dated Viktor because he had black hair?”

“And I am a sexist pig?” huffed Harry.

“No, stupid,” said Hermione. “I dated him because he reminded me so much of you - if a bit more mature at the time.”

“Oh.” said Harry. Then: “then why were you so upset when Ron didn’t ask you out?”

“Upset? I was upset when you didn’t ask me out, Ron did ask me out, and in such a lousy way, as if no one would. When you didn’t ask me, I actually thought that really no one would! So I was upset, I was upset with you, I was upset with Ron, I was upset with the world, I was upset with myself. And Ron just was unlucky enough to get it all.”

“Well, I though you wanted Ron to ask you out. Plus, I had this stupid crush on Cho, you know. Any way, this was hardly fair to Ron.”

“No, it wasn’t,” said Hermione. “Neither is this.” she said, and ripped his robes open.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Hey, I can write multiships too! I so can! See?

It's been an endearing dream of many hot-headed HP fans to raid Malfoy Manor and get rid of the Malfoy Heir in the way... And if a detour to Narcissa's bedchambers is necessary, well, so be it. All in the name of the greater good...

P.S. Harry likes black hair as well. Coming next in Potter and the Power of Polyjuice: is: "The Patil Triplets"...

I got Barclays Bank from the Internet. I'm not sure, however, if it's a real bank, or just a banking-house, as in an investment-house. I wonder if I should pay them for using their name, or should they pay me for the advertisement? I wonder if that would be considered being paid for writing fan-fiction, and breaking that legal disclaimer on top of this page. Hmmm...

As for the bank accounts, I'm sure they're not from a bank in London - they're actually the numbers of my old account in my old bank, now closed (both the accounts and the bank). So don't try anything...

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: More then Just a Potion

By stealacandy

Harry sat in his room in No. 12, Grimauld Place, Ginny on one lap, Luna on the other. "We ran out of Polyjuice again!"

"Don't worry, Harry," said Luna, "write to Hermione and Padma and ask them to make some more. I'll even help!"

Okay, said Harry, and went back to do... whatever it is he was doing before.

xxx xxx xxx

Some time later, Nymphadora Tonks cornered him in an empty hallway.

"So," she said in a husky voice, "You like girls morphing with Polyjuice, do you?"

Harry nodded, dumbly.

"And you just ran out of potion?" she pressed on.

Harry nodded again.

"I think I can help you there." said the metamorphomagus, and grabbed Harry into a deep kiss.

xxx xxx xxx

Some time later, Hestia Jones heard some strange voices coming through the ceiling, and went to investigate.

What she didn't expect to see was a naked Harry potter, only half covered, laying on a bed, with a stranger girl - wait, she just changed the colour of her hair - chuck that, - with Nymphadora Tonks, equally as naked and less covered, on top of him.

"What are you doing?" she demanded of the two. Harry stuttered. Something about "blorp".

But Tonks wasn't perturbed. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Tonks, you can't go sleeping with young boys!"

"Says who?" the bubbly blond (as she was at that moment) asked.

"Am... I dunno - convention?" Hestia tried.

"Well, screw convention!" said the witch on top of Harry. To which he mumbled "Amen to that."

"Looks more like screw Harry Potter to me." said Hestia, prompting another "Amen to that!" from Harry.

“Why, Hestia,” asked Tonks seductively, “Are you jealous?”

“I... err... yes I am.” she finished, turning tomato-red instantly.

“Then why don’t you hop ion, too?” (“Hey!” cried Harry, but it was swallowed in a gasp as Nymphadora twisted her legs - and morphed some interesting stuff...

“Oh , well,” said Hestia. “If you can’t beat them, join them.” and started removing her cloths.

“Who said you can’t beat them?” asked Tonks.

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: I borrowed that “who said you can’t beat them” from a hormonal teenage movie called “Cruel Intentions 2” that was the result of an attempt to make a TV series as a sequel for another movie, “Cruel Intentions 1”, that was based on the famous play.

I wonder where they found it...

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## 10. Chapter 9: The Patil Triplets

It all started when Lav came to Harry, a little embarrassed, with a special request.

"Harry," she said. "You see, Parv and I are very good friends, and we usually do everything together. So when she heard you and I were together, she was instantly jealous of me. She wanted to share you too."

"What!" cried Harry. "Next thing you'll ask me to go into bed with Ron!"

"Merlin! no." said the busty blonde witch. "That slob? Never will cross my mind. But Parvati had always had a crush on you, and well - after the Yule ball in Fourth year-"

"Yes," Harry cut her off. "I see what you mean. I suppose I owe her that much..."

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Much later:

"Harry," said Parvati Patil, between licking his ear and rubbing his crotch. "my twin sister Padma and I, you see, we're very close, we've always done everything together, we share everything, but now there's a wedge between us, Harry. She's upset that I get to be your girlfriend and she has no one. At least no one worth mentioning. That Michael Corner is a whiner, and besides, he goes with Chang now - they whine to each other all the time. And don't start me about Kevin Entwhistle! Anyway, I reckon you owe Padma a little, after she the way your stupid best friend treated her when she dated him in the Yule Ball in forth year, which she only did because you asked her, and, well, she always had this crush on you. Your eyes, you know, she could never resist that penetrating gaze of yours"

"And I guess you want to share my bed with her now, too?" Harry sighed.

"Oh, Harry, I knew you'd understand!" she, too, sighed happily.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Much, much later:

Harry recoiled in terror as the ivory skinned beauty in his arms morphed into singularly recognizable features.

"Ginny!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Harry," the girl cried happily. "I just had to have you to myself! Ahhh! That was wonderful, Harry."

Harry shuddered. Bad things were coming. He could tell it in his bones.

And he didn't even need Skele-grow.

"Oh dear."

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Not much, I know. The Omake are better, I promise!

As is the next chapter of Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice, the long awaited fall of the Dark Lord, where the Polyjuice potion really shows us what it's capable of, and when one lacks hands, "either must die by the hand of another" is really one-sided, isn't it?

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: This made me think of another Omake by Rorschach's Blot. It's been used before in Gene-Spliced Harry, and now Rors' himself made an odd-idea out of it. Called it "Working him in shifts". Check it out in his profile if you like. Anyway, this is my version:

Omake: The Patil Triplets?

By stealacandy

“Two?” asked professor McGonagall as Harry walked, arm in arm, with the oriental beauties.

“What do you take me for, professor?” asked Harry. “Three!” he said as Polyjuiced Ginny stepped out from behind him.

McGonagall was about to chide him, when Lavender joined in. “Four,” she said.

Then Hermione stood up and said “Five.”

McGonagall was lost for words.

One of Ginny’s class mates came and spoke briefly with her. Then she turned to Harry. “Can I join in? Please?”

“Oh pooh!” said Harry. “Alright, alright,” and gave her a bottle.

“Six.” she told her head -of-house.

Minerva McGonagall fainted.

“Alright girls,” said Harry, “let’s take her to the hospital wing. It’s the only place that has enough beds for all of us, anyway...”

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: Meet the Parent

By stealacandy

“Harry,” Mr. Weasley began, “it came to my notice that you and my daughter are intimate?”

“Yes sir,” said Harry.

“I see.” said Mr. Weasley. “May I ask you what are your intentions about her?”

“My intentions, sir?” asked Harry. “I have no intentions!”

“What?” cried Mr. Weasley sharply. “You’re just going to use her, knowing her feelings for you, then discard her to the side, like so many-”

“Sir,” Harry cut him in mid -tirade. “I am not using Ginny. In fact, you can say she’s using me. But I’m not going to discard her - what do you take me for? I’m going to take care of her, and provide her - well, I will, if Voldemort won’t get me first. Anyway, even if I did plan to discard her, I doubt she would have let me to. She sticks to me like a mosquito, with suction. As for intentions - You should ask her rather than me, but to hazard a guess? We’ll probably have a lot of hot sex, and, knowing her - she’s a Weasley, after all - have loads of children, and then some more sex, sir.” explained Harry patiently.

Arthur Weasley sighed. He wasn’t cut for it. He’ll let Molly deal with it. Ginny was her daughter, after all.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: Third Wheel

By stealacandy

“That’s not fair!” said Angelina Johnson. She came with Alicia at Katie’s invitation to watch the Gryffindor vs. Hufflepuff Quidditch match, and now she was with her friends in the victory after-party, watching Harry Potter walk arm in arm with the two identical Patil sisters.

“I thought Harry would end up with a nice, English, white witch,” she complained, “probably Hermione Granger. Now I see him with two Indian girls instead! If I knew he did ebony before, I would have jumped him ages ago!”

“Mehh,” said Katie Bell, “life sucks, Ange.”

“I don’t know,” said Alicia Spinnet slowly. “if he does two, maybe he’ll do three? Why don’t you go and ask them, Ange?”

"I- err... emm..."

"Come on, Anj," Alicia urged her on, "show that Gryffindor courage of yours. Go on, ask them."

"I... Okay, Okay, I'll go." and so she did.

"You sure look chirpy," said Katie. "spill."

"Well," said Alicia, "if he agrees to three, do you recon he'll agree to four?"

"Make it five," said Katie, "and count me in. Did you see him in the changing room today, all sweaty and everything, after the match?"

"Aha." said Alicia, blushing a pretty red.

xxx xxx xxx

Over by the fire place, Angelina took the middle way and was now talking with Lavender Brown.

"Okay, I'll throw in a word for you, but you'll have to take Polyjuice."

"Huh?" asked Angelina, dumbly.

"Silly, you wanted to join the Patils, didn't you?"

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: I'm not sure, but is the saying "a third wheel", or does it go "like a fifth wheel on a wagon"? Well, in case they are two different sayings, I made provisions for both, I should think.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: I'll Puff You, Mr. Potter!

By stealacandy

Harry was having some alone time by the lakeside, away from his girls. It was early spring, and it was still cold, and none of his girls dared to hazard it, so he was free for a while.

A shadow fell over him.

'I spoke too soon,' he thought, and looked up to see who it was. To his surprise, his eyes met with Hannah abbot's blue ones.

"Harry," she said. "Do you have anything against Huffelpuffs?"

"What? Why?" he asked.

"Well, I thought, after Cedric, and-"

"What? Don't tell me you actually think I killed him!" he cried.

"No, no," Hannah said. "Nobody thinks that. At least not any more. Even that imbecile Ernie finally got over it. So much for his Huffelpuff loyalty."

"Don't like McMillan much, do you?"

"Err.. I dated him. He's a jerk."

"Amen to that. But, if you don't think I killed Cedric Diggory, then why do you think I have anything against Huffelpuffs?"

"It's like that, you see, Harry," she said. "You keep your distance! You started dating all these girls - first Luna Lovegood, then Daphne Greengrass, Then Lavender Brown - well, I thought You're into blonds. So what am I, a jar? I'm blond too, look!" she took off her hood. "And you never say so much as a word to me!" she was in tears. She shivered in the cold breeze.

"Oh, that's all? I really didn't know you felt like this. Please, Hannah, don't cry." He instinctively reached out to wipe her tears. She was cold. "You're shivering!" he cried. "Come here, I'll give you my cloak." He turned to take his cloak off, but she stopped him in mid-motion.

When he extended his hand, she snuck into the opening, and snuggled beneath his arm.

They stood, holding each other for a while.

"Say, Harry, if you don't have anything against Huffelpuffs, then what about Susan?"

"Huh?" asked Harry, distractedly. "what about her?"

"Well, we thought you only liked blonds, but then you went out with some brunets - the Patil sisters, Hermione Granger, Katie Bell, Angelina Johnson., that fifth year Gryffindor, what's her name? - then, you started going out with Ginny Weasley, and she's a redhead, and now you started dating Tracy Davis as well."

"I did?" asked Harry in wonderment.

"So Daphne tells me," said Hannah.

'It's good to know,' thought Harry, 'Why nobody tells me those things first?'

"Well, Susan Bones is a redhead too, and you know, she really likes you - ever since you taught us how to cast the patronus, she had a crush on you. She never succeeded in doing it in class, you know - she was too embarrassed, as it takes your form, and-"

"What?" cried Harry in awe. "I didn't know you could do that!"

"Well, I can't," said Hannah, "but Sue sure does. So, you think she'll stand a chance with you too?"

"I suppose," shrugged Harry.

"Oh! Thank you, thank you!" cried an excited Hannah in joy, disentangled herself from Harry's arms and cloak, and ran away. Harry sat back down on the lakebed. Before he could mule things over, however, the busty blond was back, running and jumping jubilantly, and with her was her best friend, Sue Bones.

“Thank you, Harry!” she cried, and pulled him back on his feet.

Before long, Harry had two beauties snuggled into his cloak, each under every armpit, and Harry got to find out exactly where and how well Susan was padded in places.

And Hannah too, of course.

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## 11. Interlude: Polyjuice in da House!

My lord, said Augustus Rookwood. "It is my conclusion that you are dieing, slowly fading away. The power boost you got when you used Potter's blood lasted you for a couple of years, but your bones come from your father, who was a muggle-" here he paused, for the "Crucio!" that didn't fail to come, albeit somewhat weaker then the Dark Lord's usual level of pain, "and it is the bone marrow that generates blood naturally, and it simply cannot support your magic. Add to that Pettigrew's flesh, mixed in the bone-marrow - You should have picked up a fully human wizard, my Lord, or perhaps e vampire or a werewolf, - " here came another "Crucio!", "that would have strengthen you immensely. Pettigrew, however, managed to pass on to you some rodent features, that don't sit well with the rest of your body, and them being rejected further weakens your strength and hampers your compatibility with Potter's blood in your veins. Now, for a short range solution, you can consume, on a daily basis, a blood-replenishing potion, say twice a day. It would duplicate the blood already in your veins. But it would be too little, too late, my Lord." ("Crucio!") "You should have started taking the potion immediately after your resurrection, when Potter's blood in your vein was pure and strong." ("Crucio!") "But now it is polluted with the mud-" ("Crucio!") "-er, the muggle blood from your father's bones, and so the duplicate blood would just be more of the same." ("Crucio!")

"So what you have to do, my Lord. Is consume Potter again. - No, not his blood, that won't do - digesting it would just give you a stomach-ache, my Lord -" ("Crucio!"), "Again, if you used a vampire's flesh, it just might have worked. But it's too late for that now. A transplant might help - but only for a while - it would be rejected by the body and your new blood, my Lord. No, even that won't do. " ("Crucio!")

Augustus braced himself. ('we thank you, Lord, for what is to come...') "What you must do, my Lord, is turn yourself into Potter." ("Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio!")

"How am I," the Dark Lord asked, "the Dark Lord, supposed to turn into a puny little boy?"

“Well, my Lord,” answered the former unspeakable, “You need to swallow the essence of Potter, and to use it to transfigure yourself. In short, what you need, is Polyjuice potion.”

“Polyjuice potion?” asked his master.

“Polyjuice potion, my Lord,” confirmed the researcher. “A lot of it - but I’m sure that would not pose a problem to Severus.”

“Yes?” said his Lordship.

“You will have to consume Polyjuice potion at least three times a month, with a part of Potter’s body, for the rest of your life.” (“Crucio! Crucio!”) “It is a good thing, my Lord, that you failed to kill the Potter boy before.”

“Augustus,” said Lord Voldemort. “Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio!”

“Yes my Lord.” said the suffering wizard. “Might I also suggest you do a the animagus ritual before you begin taking the Polyjuice? That way, your rat parts would have an outlet and won’t interfere in the transformation, my Lord.”

“Crucio!”

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A/N: Okay, that was the interlude. Next, as I promised, Lord Voldemort est kaput!

...and the beat goes on...

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: Big Deal

By stealacandy

Gringots Bank had a busy day.

Avery the younger, head of the Avery family, came early in the morning to arrange for a new last will and testament for himself.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Avery," growled the goblin manager. "You can't leave all your affects, possessions, assets and moneys to Harry Potter. Sir, it simply can't be done!"

"Did I say all my moneys to Harry Potter? I meant eighty percent, Fregleboob. The other seventeen percent I intend to leave to Gringots Bank and it's hard-working goblins, a token of gratitude for all the wonderful work they did for me over the years."

The goblin was more agreeable hearing this, still, "Indeed, sir. But eighty and seventeen makes ninety-seven - you still come three percent short, Mr. Avery."

"Oh, silly me," said the wizard. "Did I forget? The last three percent I bequest to you, as a thank-you for your services."

"I see," said the goblin. "Well, why didn't you say so from the start? We can do that - but there is a little snag, you see."

"Oh?" asked the wizard.

"You see, sir - leaving me with three percent is not a problem, but leaving someone outside your family with five percent of your fortune or more - that simply can't be done, sir." said the goblin. "That's wizard law, sir, not goblin." he added, apologetically.

"Oh, pity." said the wizard, disappointed.

"But I'm not done yet, sir," said Fregleboob. "You can't pass it out of the family, but if the recipients are part of the family, there nothing holding you back."

"But - I suppose Harry Potter may be related to me, through his father, who was a pure-blood after-"

"Only to the seventh degree," the goblin interjected, "not close enough for this purpose."

"And the goblins certainly are not related to me, or any other wizard I know of, for that matter. But you said you have a solution, my dear Fregleboob, so what do we do?"

"Well, Mr. Avery, do you have any female relations?" asked the goblin.

"Hmmm..." thought the wizard. "Well, I hang around with Alecto Carrow these days, if it's any business of yours, goblin!"

"You misunderstood me, sir," said the goblin manager. "I meant to ask if you have any female relatives."

"Oh, I - yes, sorry. Well, I have a daughter, Andrea. She's twenty years old. And... Oh! My mother! She's a female too! Used to breast feed me till I was thirteen! She's over eighty now, but she still has her charms, I'm sure."

"Well, then," said the goblin, "that solves your problem. All you have to do is arrange for them to marry Gringots Bank and Harry Potter and then they will be family and can inherit!"

"Fine with me," said the wizard, slowly. "I guess I can see my way into taking Harry Potter on as my son-in-law, but how can a bank be married?"

"That's simple, Mr. Avery. We just arrange for one of our senior managers to marry your daughter - or your mother. Who shall it be?"

"Err... my mother, I guess."

"Oooh!" cried the goblin, excited. "Is she so old? Is she wrinkly? Does she have soar breath?"

"I guess so," said the wizard. "and all her teeth are gone."

"Good, good," said Fregleboob, rubbing his hands together in anticipation. "I know just the one..."

"Oh, one last change, Fregleboob." said the wizard. "I want to leave something to my lover - but I don't want to marry her - so it has to be less than five percent, right?"

The goblin banker nodded his agreement.

"Then I bequest Alecko Carrow four percent, take it equally from both Potter and Gringotts portions. But you get to keep your three percent."

"Very well, sir." agreed the goblin. "Now all you need is to sign these papers - then we'll owl this to Potter, and pending his agreement it will be ratified. I will vouch for your mother's arrangement, so we can be done with this right now."

"Oh, don't bother sending this to Potter. I want to meet the man who'll marry my little baby Andrea I'll give it to him in person - and see that he'll send it back to Gringotts. Directly to you, Fregleboob?"

"That will do, sir, yes."

xxx xxx xxx

Amecus Carrow frowned at the goblin sitting in front of him. "Look, Mr. ..." he checked the nametag, "... Quickjob, This is an opportunity you can't refuse! You get to have my sister, a prominent Pure-Blood witch, as your wife! And you dare refuse!"

"It's not that I don't want your sister," said the goblin, it's just that I was hoping to keep my options open, I have aspiring hopes and was looking for a political arrangement, you see..."

"But Quickjob," said the Death Eater, "we both know no goblinet would marry you, you haven't earned your name for nothing. Now, I think I should clarify a little about what marrying my sister exactly mean. First, you should know, she inherited some small fortune from our mother. Then, there is the matter of her dowry, which is considerable, I'll tell you that. Add to that the fact that I know old-man Avery left her no less than four percent of his fortune, the most he could under the circumstances, when he dies - and I hear his life

expectancy these days is rather low - and who ever marries my sister will be a very wealthy man. Or goblin.”

“Now, money and riches is not all of it. In the event of my death, my sister will get the family’s seat on the Wizangamot for the rest of her natural life, to be returned to my hair upon her death, on the condition she is married to a pure-blood. Nowhere does it say it has to be a pure-blood human wizard. It can be a pure-blooded goblin just as well, and I’m sure your law-goblins would support me - and you - on that stance - especially when they realize that gives a goblin the opportunity to claim a seat on the wizarding government’s legislative body, don’t you think? The only snag is that my sister and her husband consult my hair before making any vote and that he has the power to contest and veto any vote they make he doesn’t agree to.”

“Well, Mr. Carrow, I can see where this will give me an advantage among my peers.” said Quickjob.

“And prestige, too.” said the wizard.

“...And prestige, too, “ added the goblin. “So what do you want from Gringots in return?”

“Well, this is the problem,” said the wizard. “You see, Augustus Rookwood, Emile Jugson and Minas Nott, we share a passion - we have a pretty veela holed in a tower in burgundy, where we visit in weekends, and have a good time. She also has eight daughters - we were waiting for them to grow older so we can start courting them as well - in fact, I think the two eldest are just about the age they are ready to begin - anyway, I’m not sure which one of us is the father to which daughter. Now, them being half-breeds and everything, many would frown upon it, which is why we need goblin support for this. Emile, Augustus, minas and I want to appoint our half-veela daughters to our sole hairs, and I’m sure some second cousin of ours would contest it. We would also like to arrange fto give their hands in marriage - all of them, the poor souls - to one Harry James Potter, esquire. We treated them bad all their lives, and their mother worse, and they deserve better. Which is why we decided to pick a nice light-aligned wizard and appoint him to their care.”

“you want one wizard to marry your daughters?” asked a bewildered goblin. “All eight of them?”

“All ten of them, actually,” said the wizard. “Ellena is pregnant again, and it’s a daughter, not that we expected otherwise - and then there’s Ellena herself. So yes, I want them all married to Harry Potter as soon as possible - after we confirm them - and Potter - as our Hairs.”

“Well, sir,” said the goblin, (“Please call me Amycus, we are going to be brothers-in-law.”) “Well, Amycus,” the goblin corrected himself, “I can confirm your half-veela daughters as your hairs right now - or as soon as you sign your sister over to me - but your friends - and Harry Potter, too, would have to come here in person to sign the contracts.”

“That’s not a problem, Quickjob,” said the wizard. “Just draw up the documents and have them ready for me - err, - and my friend, to sign, and they shall be along in a few hours. As for Potter, send him anything he needs to sign by owl. And please send him this along with the documents, alright?” asked the wizard, passing a thick envelope to the goblin.

“What’s that?” asked the goblin.

“Oh, I took a detour to French to tell the girls about it, and they all expressed their agreement and willing. They sent along some photographs for him to view - they said something about proper motivation and encouragement, I’m not sure.”

After Amycus Carrow left, Quickjob drew up the documents for all the wizards to sign. Then he took a peak at the photographs in the envelope the Death-Eater gave him. He then hurried to find a duplication-device-thingy, the goblin version of a muggle copying machine, on his way to an empty restroom. In his quick and haste, he never noticed the tracking and recording charms ingrained into the photos.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: Muse Report

By stealacandy

Harry's girls were always complaining. Not enough this, too much of that, to many, to little... They wanted candles, and flowers, and serenades, and love letters - what did Harry know about love letters? He barely knew what love is!

So he took a creative-writing class.

"Very good, Mr. Potter," said the teacher. "You should consider journalism as a career."

'Beh!' thought Harry. 'What would Rita Skeeter do then? She'll be left unemployed!'. A light bulb lit over Harry's head. (The things magic can do - even on a budget!) 'Right,' Harry thought. 'If we don't need Rita, we don't need Rita!'

A few days later, Rita Skeeter went to the Daily Prophet's headquarters, only to run into her editor at the entrance. The man hugged her and danced around a bit.

"Rita!" he said. "Your excellent work won you an expenses-paid, all-round trip to the Muggle Pulitzer-Prize award ceremony. Mind you, only as an observer, but if you keep this up, you might end up on the receiving end one day! He swept her off her feet. In the excitement, she never noticed he plucked a few strands of hair off her scalp.

xxx xxx xxx

'I don't know what to write, I don't know what to write - this is much harder than it seems!' thought Harry.

"Hey, Harry," said Hermione, "You looked stressed. What are you doing?"

"Homework. My Creative Writing teacher told me to do a piece of news-report, but I don't know even how to begin." he sighed. "I was warned about it - I have a writer's block. All the muses seem to have abandoned me! Oh, woe is me! Woe is me!"

“Oh don’t be goofy,” she said, slapping him on the arm. “I’ll be your muse, if you want.”

“You will?” asked Harry.

“Yes. Do you want to see my new toga?”

xxx xxx xxx

“No, no, I’m sorry, miss Skeeter,” said the receptionist, “but your ticket says you’re invited to the journalist and news-reporter convention, that accompanies the awarding ceremony, not to the ceremony itself.”

“Do you know who I am?” demanded the bespectacled woman. “I a one of the top reporters for the Daily Prophet!”

“Never heard of it, where is it from, Salem?” joked the receptionist.

“No, they read The Crier. The Daily Prophet is one of the leading news publishes in London!”

“Really,” said a reporter, behind her. “I’m from London, and I never even heard about it.” At the looks he got, he added - “Allen Richmond, the Sun.” (‘A newspaper after my heart.’ thought Rita.) “How many readers do this ‘prophet’ has?” he asked.

“On a daily basis?” she asked. Thinking a little, she said “I’d say about two, maybe three-”

“Million?” asked the receptionist. “How come I never heard about it, then?”

“-thousand.” finished Rita, a bit embarrassed at the roaring laughter that soon followed.

xxx xxx xxx

“Why do you have a toga, Hermione?” asked Parvati.

“Luna wanted to put up a Greek play, and asked me to arrange for props.” answered the clever witch. “Turned out she and I had very different ideas as to what a Greek play should be like, and what props are to be used. In her idea, nobody wears a toga at all! Needless to say, I pulled my hands off the entire thing, but now I got a bunch of togas and nothing to do with them.”

“Oh, wonderful!” said Lavender. “I was just thinking how nice your toga was, Hermy. Can you give me a couple? You should get some too, Parv - and some for Padma as well - it extenuates your complexion so perfectly it could have been tailored especially for you!”

In the end, Luna got her Greek play, and Harry got all the inspiration he needed - and so much more...

xxx xxx xxx

The night editor opened the thick envelope he just received from an express-owl. Then he called the press department and told them to hold everything they got.

The day-editor was worried when Rita Skeeter didn't show to work these past few days, but reading what he now held in his hand, he could see why she was otherwise pre-occupied.

This was explosive! This was front-page material! This was selling-record-breaking stuff!

He set down to his desk and started waving his wand over pieces of parchment, setting the print.

xxx xxx xxx

‘Well, that was a nice change, at the very least,’ thought Rita. ‘I will have words with my editor about the lowly conditions the miser paid for, but all in all it wasn't so bad - Allen invited me as “guest” to the Pulitzer ceremony - really, I don't know why the muggles bother awarding that kind of reporting! - and to the after party. She didn't win

the most-outrageous reporting award at the convention, though she came a close third, and celebrating later with Allen, -"

"Your Portkey is about to go, miss." her musings were cut off."

xxx xxx xxx

Cornelius Fudge was in rage! How could Dolores be so stupid as to kill all his campaign donators, and have them name him as a participant in all their underhand dealings, and do it all in front of witnesses and people from the media, and finally, leave the written evidence where any bugger could get it.

'Damn that woman!' he thought. 'Damn all woman! Skeeter most of all! Damn her to hell! For all eternity!'

"Bugger this," he said. "I'm screwed."

'Wait, "Bugger"?' he thought. "Didn't that horrible Skeeter woman said she was an illegal animagus?" he said.

"Yes, Minister." said Percy Weasley.

"Wetherby, where did you come from?" demanded the Minister.

"The door, Minister." said his Junior - 'no, chuck this,' thought Fudge, 'I'll kick Dolores out first thing - then Wetherby would have seniority' - his new Senior Undersecretary said.

"Humpf," huffed Fudge. "I want you to go to the Daily Prophet and apprehend that Skeeter woman! Arrest her for illegally being an unregistered animagus. For breaking and entering. For trespassing on restricted Ministry of Magic security buildings - we can't have any wizard off the street breaking into Azkaban, can we? Arrest her For eavesdropping on classified conversations. For stealing from Ministry offices and Ministry. And for printing and publicizing top-secret State Secrets!" he ordered. 'I will have her Kissed before the day ends,' he thought in satisfaction.

xxx xxx xxx

"Did you read the morning news, Harry?" asked Hermione.

"Yes, I did," he said. "Shocking, isn't it?"

"To think anyone could just sneak around the school unseen in an animagus form and watch everything you do!" huffed Padma.

"You know," said Harry, "A Death-Eater actually did that once - he was an animagus and pretended to be Ron's pet, slept in his bed even - all the time watching me, keeping an eye on me for his master."

"Hmmm..." said Parvati. "I wouldn't mind watching over you every night."

"I actually find it strangely arousing," added Lavender "to think someone could be watching us while - you know - " she gestured with her hand, blushing, " - in bed..."

xxx xxx xxx

"Rita!" yelled her editor, and everyone's heads turned. "Brilliant work, that article was. It was very brave of you to dig out all the Ministry and Death-Eaters laundry like that, and to confess all of your past transgressions to explain how you did it and give it proper credibility. Conferring with known and suspected Death-Eaters and their offspring to come up with some made up stories and besmirch the Boy-Who-Lived's name, spying on him in your animagus form - but spying on Umbridge and Fudge and their Death-Eaters associates more than compensated for your crimes. You were wonderful!" he congratulated her. "Oh, by the way, Rita," he added after a thought. "There are some gentlemen here from the Ministry, they want to have a few words with you."

"Huh?" was all Rita Skeeter could say?

"Miss Skeeter," said Percy. "Please come with us. Aurors Dawlish and Kand here will escort you to the Ministry premises."

xxx xxx xxx

"Hey, Harry," said Ginny. "We planned to wait out some before we tell you, but with all the talk about animagi, we decided now is a good time. You see, Luna and I - we're learning to become animagi ourselves."

"Really?" said Hermione, with no little envy.

"Yes," said Luna. "We're taking lessons from professor McGonagall. It was my idea. I thought if we had animal senses, we could make better heed locating the elusive snorkel honed crumplepoxes."

"There are no snorkel - wait, what?" said Hermione.

"And I'm an insect myself!" said Luna. "A butterfly!"

"Yeah," said Ginny. "She can already do the wings - she looks like a fairy! Complete with a wand!"

"Wow!" said Harry, enthusiastically. He was happy for his friend. "And what are you, Ginny?"

"grumplepat" she muttered.

"There are no grumple- wait, what?" said Hermione.

"I'm sorry," said Harry, "I didn't quite catch that."

"I said, 'I'm a cat'" said Ginny.

"Wow! That's so cool!" said Lavender.

Harry had to agree.

"She could be the next professor McGonagall" said Hermione sadly, silently, so no one heard her.

"And what can you do so far?" Harry asked Ginny.

She blushed.

“Well?” demanded Lavender.

“The tail,” she said, blushing furious red. “Okay? I can do the tail!”

xxx xxx xxx

“Don’t lie to us, Skeeter” said Dawlish. “We know what you did. Now tell us who your sources are!”

That went on for a while.

Eventually, “She won’t talk,” said Percy Weasley, sadly. “Shell we try Veritaserum, Minister?”

“Forget about it, Wetherby,” said Fudge. “It doesn’t matter anymore. Let her contacts give a headache to whoever replaces me. Just send her to the dementors and be done with it.” he said in a defeated voice.

xxx xxx xxx

Back in his London apartment, Allen Richmond tried to contact his new girl-friend / pillow-buddy, but couldn’t get hold of her. Trying to reach her through every channel open to him, he got little results. Eventually he discover a conspiracy - thousands of men working together to hide parts of society and powers no one else knew about - save the higher-ups in her Majesty’s government. And they were consorting with soul-sucking demons. Why, his own girlfriend was now laying motionless on a hospital bed - in one of their Special Magic Hospitals - having her soul stolen by these demons - on the orders of the government, no less. He wrote a series of articles about it, articles the Sun was only too happy to publish. Information agencies and news groups the world over picked it up and spread the word.

For a second time in mere weeks, Oblivators and any other ministerial officials all over the world, along with any wand-proficient volunteers, were called in to deal with a publicity disaster coming out from the United Kingdom.

The ICW posted a note, asking it's member to wait with filing any new complaints till the following year, as it's hands were full.

The world over, wizards and witches protested against the British - their government, their corruption, Their treatment of the press, the etiquette of their press, their association with dementors, the way they treat their petty criminals, the way they treat their serious big-time ultra-violent criminals, even the way they treat their heroes. In short work, British wizards were pariah all over the world. But nobody at home cared. It didn't even make it to the Prophet. (...and who cares about anything the Quibbler writes, anyway?)

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: "Little" Deal

By stealacandy

"Dear Quickjob," the letter read.

"I'm more than agreeable to marry all these fine young heiresses, see attached signed contracts. I will be along in a few days to finalize the deal, on my way to Burgundy.

But why did you see the need to send me photographs of a goblin with a little wrinkly shortstuff jerking off to some French Wizarding crossbreed pornography?"

"Signed,

Harry James Potter"

"P.S. I though it must have been a mistake, so I sent the photos to my close friend Griphook over at Gringots to return to the owner of the photos. - HJP"

Quickjob yelled in dismay and jumped out of his seat and through his door (which he forgot to open first). He had to get to Griphook before those photos went any further.

“Quickjob” said a goblinet in the office. “What can I do for you?” she asked, or tried to, amid sniggering.

“Err.. I don’t suppose you’ve seen an envelope from a wizard called Harry Potter, that was directed to you by mistake instead of myself?” he asked.

“An envelope that was misdirected?” she asked. “How could that happen? Goblin post service don’t do such mistakes. Besides, Why would Harry send you a letter - he usually deals with Griphook?”

“Well, I had some deals to close with him, you see. And - ”

“And some photographic evidence you rather not be given public.”

“And - what? No! err.. Yes! I mean. Who’re you, anyway?”

“Me? I’m Hookergrope, Griphook’s twin sister, I came here to visit him, and he asked me to man - err, goblin - the office for him for a while while he was off on an errand.

“Err... Hokkergrope, where is Griphook?”

“Oh, him? He just went to make a hundred copies of some documents he got and hide them in all sorts of places no one but him could find - as long as he doesn’t want them to be found.” She held her hands together in a goblin gesture. “Anyway, Quickjob. So tell me, what keeping these documents hidden is worth to you?”

Quickjob’s face paled - which was a remarkable achievement for a brown-skinned goblin. “Name your price, Hookergrope.” he commanded.

xxx xxx xxx

After Quickjob left, Harry Potter took off his invisibility cloak. A short while later, Griphook’s familiar form morphed into existence from that of his ‘twin sister’.

“That was wonderfully played, Griphook, I owe you one.”

“You owe me, Harry?” asked Griphook in wonder. “You just made me manager of Gringots Bank’s largest accounts by far, got me a huge promotion and a tangible seat on the Goblin castle. If anything, I owe you - big time!” the goblin said.

“Well, if you yourself say so - “ Harry shrugged. “How was the goblin Polyjuice?”

“From the smell of it, I’d say it must taste worst then the human version! But how did you manage to come by it?” asked the goblin.

“Oh, my girlfriends Hermione and Padma were experimenting with the potion, trying to come up with ways to make it last longer, perhaps even make it permanent.” Harry explained. “Tempering with the other problems and limitations of the potion were only natural.”

“You know we would have to kill them for it,” joked the goblin. “Cant have people pretending to be goblins and fooling the bank!”

Harry turned serious. “Don’t even joke about it, Griphook.” he said.

Griphook bit back his words. “Sorry Harry,” he said, then smiled mischievously. “I’ll just kidnap them and use them myself!”

“I’d like to see you try t keep those two passionate and clever witches away from me for any amount of time.” Harry said with a smile his own.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: “Extinct” Deal

By stealacandy

“I guess you want to make your last will and testament and leave everything you own to Harry Potter?” asked the goblin. That was the third today.

“No, Spongebob,” said the wizard.

‘Thank Kemosh for small mercies,’ thought the goblin.

“No, I want to marry him myself!”

‘Dear god almighty!’ thought Spongebob and said: “You know sir that Wizarding law does not recognise marriage between people of the same sex?”

“Oh yes, I knew that. That’s why I chopped off my wily. Now I can become a girl and married my sweetheart, die and leave him everything! Oh! I so want to kiss him - his lips are so red, his eyes are so green, his smile is so sad, the saddest I have seen! I touch myself in bed, thinking of the teen, of what I once had, and what might have been! I -”

“Mr... err.. Missus Yaxley! You’re a loon! A certified one. Here is your certificate. That means you lose headship of your family to your twelve-year old daughter. Now go. I don’t think Mr. Potter would ever care to kiss you, anyway. In fact, the only kiss you’ll ever get is probably that of a dementor. Now go away and leave me be!”

“Okay. Err... Spongebob, sorry, but can I arrange for stewardship for my daughter?”

“For you? Not in a thousand years! You just lost your status as her custodian!”

“No, no, not me” laughed the wiza- wit- whatever, “I meant Harry Potter, of course!”

“Fine, fine, tell him to drop by and I’ll deal with it.”

xxx xxx xxx

Harry Potter left the goblin clerk after negotiating no less then twenty seven marriage contracts for himself. He was about to leave when another goblin approached him. He read the name-tag. “Spongebob? What can I do for you?”

“Oh, I have some marriage contracts for you to sign - and one stewardship. Here-” he gave Harry the documents. Too tired to read them all, Harry just signed them.

“Oh, my!” cried the goblin! Seems I misplaced the stewardship with another marriage contract! Congratulations, you are now the happy husband of Natasha Yaxley!”

“What?” cried Harry. “Just tear this one and get a stewardship contract instead!”

“Can’t be done, sir, I’m afraid” apologised the goblin not-so-apologetically. “You see, it’s a magical contract. It’s binding, sir. From the moment you signed it.

Harry grumbled. ‘Oh well,’ he thought, ‘what’s another one, then?’

xxx xxx xxx

Watching through a scrying mirror, Luna laughed evilly. Her plan to imbue Harry with the power of Love she heard Dumbledore speak about was working like a charm. In one stroke, she has doubled the number of his lovers, Harry would master Love, and she would master Harry.

Then she could use his power to summon all the extinct and elusive creatures back to the Earth - like the Mushpits, the Kwajawajas, the Snidgets, the Muppets and more!

Muhahahahahahahahaha!

Maybe her father will let her keep a baby Roc?

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## 10. Chapter 9: The Rise and Fall of Lord Polymort

Draco Malfoy died when he challenged Lord Voldemort to a duel to the death.

Horried, Pansy Parkinson sought protection with the only one making an open stance against the Dark Lord: Harry Potter.

Daphne threw in a good word for her, and convinced Potter to take her in. Who would have guessed, from that shrimp look of him, that he was so large, where it mattered? She peaked at Draco once. He was a twig to Harry's broomstick. She never regretted her decision to join Potter and his group.

Until now.

Not that she regretted it now either. In fact, she was moaning, and calling Harry's name. Only she wasn't in Harry's arm, or in his bed. She wasn't in any bed, for that matter. she was laying on the cold, hard floor in a side room of the Slytherin dungeons. She was tied up, and she was unconscious. Well, she was retiring now, but she was unconscious before.

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Lord Voldemort cackled evilly. His most faithful came through for him again. Bella kidnapped that Parkinson traitor girl and used her hair to Polyjuice into her. Then she shackled up with the Potter brat and then she got some of his hair. Why it was short hair that looked like it came off an arm rather than the head, and why was it all glued to a strap of wax covered hair, he didn't know, but it didn't exactly matter. He now had what he needed. The power boost he got from using Potter's blood to create his new body was failing, and he stood to risk his body disintegrating. Now, with hair from Harry Potter and a Polyjuice potion from his potion-master Severus (who looked surprised at his request and grumbled about not being paid enough), he held in his hand the essence of Potter, and drinking it, he would strengthen the connection to the brat and continue the power feed surge.

Lord Voldemort raised the phial to his mouth, said "cheers", and drank the awful concoction. "Eck," he said. "Essence of Potter. Blewhhh."

Then the Dark Lord began to morph. His skin grew brighter, his scales disappeared and instead a soft pluming layer appeared. Then he began to shrink.

All too soon, Where the Dark Lord once stood, a golden bird now hovered. Then it took flight.

Golden Snidgets are incredible birds, and their instincts never betray them. As the snidget rose to the air, he felt a magical pull towards the south. So he followed it. A couple of hours later, after a tiring, excruciating flight, the bird arrived at it's destination. It was a sight for sore eyes. a great Quidditch pitch, surrounded by tall stands, all adorned with the colours and mascots of the four distinguished houses of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The stands were teeming with students and guests, come to see the finals for this year. It was Gryffindor vs. Slytherin. Gryffindor were favourites for the cup. The Slytherin team didn't put much of a fight. Disheartened at the death of their seeker and captain, Draco Malfoy, they seemed to have lost their spirit. Draco was replaced by Blaise Zabini, but even though Malfoy was by no means an extra-ordinary seeker, Zabini couldn't even match his mediocre skill. He had the same arrogance, flourished the same smug, superior attitude, behaved the same way and manner, he even used the same broom, but he couldn't pull the seeking bit off.

The Snidget didn't like the defeatist attitude of the Slytherins, so he decided to do a small gig to encourage them, then he flew over to the Slytherin goal-posts to catch some rest - and the rest of the game.

Or that's what it planned on doing. But as soon as it made an appearance over the stadium, a shadow came over it, and as swift as an arrow, a red-clad and golden-gloved hand caught him, crushing him between it's fingers, then rose up in triumph, waving to the crowds.

Before everything turned dark, the snidget could see a tall, lanky red-head in Gryffindor Quidditch attire descend on his broom, only to stop right next to him.

"We Won! You Won! We Won!" the boy shouted.

Next he heard two girls - Katie Bell and Ginny Weasley, but the snidget would never find that out - ganged on the boy holding him and crushed him in a passionate group hug. The snidget, caught in the middle, was squashed.

"Harry! We won! You were wonderful!"

The last thing going through the golden snidget's head (other than a blood clout) was: "Harry? Damn that Potter again!"

Then he knew no more.

The Dark Lord was slain by Harry Potter's hand.

Prophecy fulfilled, a cling was heard in the Hall of Prophecy in the Department of Mysteries in the Ministry, but no one was there to hear it. A massive lay-off followed the funding cuts and relocations that ensued from Fudge losing his hidden bank accounts. He was later sacked from office. The Pure-Bloods wanted revenge for killing off prominent members of their society without even a trial and the opportunity to buy themselves a way out, the light-wizards wanted him ousted because he was an idiot and greatly hurt their cause and endangered the public, the rest just wanted him sacked for embezzlement of public funds and to get their money back, the media called for his blood for executing a reporter and the ICW wanted his head for all the headaches he caused them, endangering the secrecy they revelled in. He didn't stand a chance. The funds he had stolen were returned, but the unspeakables did not. When they were discharged, their binding magical oaths of silence disentangled, and they were finally able to speak again. None of them opted to return to their previous self-inflicted mutilation.. err.. mutation.

The Ministry opened in a recruitment campaign for the Department, stating how important the work they did was, tempted people with

higher wages. The wizards, being the sheep that they are, wholly agreed, and recommended a name or two to the programme. When some sheep were gathered, they took the oaths again. It was the silence of the lambs. Only the young, inexperienced and naive joined. And Percy Weasley. Faced with the real prospect of losing his job in the ministry, he opted to take the ministry on its offer for the Unspeakable core. And it gave him an excuse for not talking to that repulsive cow he was engaged to be married with. Also, when Fudge fell, he dreaded the day he'd have to swallow back his words and make an apology to his family. This way was better - he could do it in writing, he had an excuse now.

But at the time the cling rang in the department, all the young future unspeakables were in training, thus no one was there to hear it.

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Loosing the "snitch" somewhere, Harry turned to more important things: the Quidditch-Cup victory party. Penelope, scorned ex-girlfriend of Percy Weasley, has ganged up on him some time ago, and told him: "All Percy ever does is rant about you. Even in bed, all I hear is your name. You'd expect he'd yell out my name, but noooooooo! It's Harry Potter this, and Harry Potter that, and Harry Potter - well, if I must have Harry Potter in bed, might as well be the real thing."

Then, she brought along Cho Chang, who apologised for her previous behaviour. "I spent eight months with Michael Corner, and the boy does nothing but whine. I can see now where that's annoying. But Harry, please, give me a second chance - all I want is to be with you!"

She brought in her Quidditch team-mates, beaters Mandy Brocklehurst (The girl and the cleavage, as Ron once put it. Yet Harry beat him to her bludgers, yes he did...) and Morag McDougal (Who loved spanking) and chasers Lisa Turpin (Who did the most amazing things with her trained hands) and Su Li (Who did the most amazing with her entire body...).

The Ravenclaws lost the last Quidditch match to the Slytherins when half their team were so sore they could barely sit straight, let alone on a broom... Thus the Slytherins climbed to the finals, despite sucking at Quidditch. Now the Ravenclaws got revenge, and were now busy celebrating their usurpers humiliating defeat.

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As for the Slytherins? Blaise Zabini was kicked off the Quidditch team. The official excuse was that he was found out hogging Harry Potter's Quidditch gloves, but everybody else knew it was because he sucked at seeking. The Slytherins tried to make a big deal of it, claiming Zabini was one of Potter's fans who threw the game away on purpose, and demanded a re-match. A short investigation later, however, discovered that Blaise was an animagus and was just attracted to the smell of the gloves, though why is that remained a mystery.

Blaise was fined a hefty sum and immediately turned around and sued the Slytherin Quidditch team for compensation, claiming they gave his secret away and exposed him as an unregistered animagus before he had a chance to register over the summer holidays, thus responsible for the penalty ensued. By some crazy chance he actually won the lawsuit and the Slytherins were ordered to pay up. They were forced, as a last resort, to sell their precious Nimbus 2001 broomsticks to cover the expenses.

Severus Snape blamed Potter for it.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Over at the Dark Headquarters, Bellatrix Lastrange felt the Dark Mark on her arm dieing. That could only mean one thing. The Dark Lord died - again! And it could only be Potter. But she had a problem. She was pregnant, and Rudy wasn't the father. Learning from history, she knew, if the Death Eaters find who the baby's real father is, they will stand in line to do it in - not unlike she tried to do with the Longbottom kid back in 1981, when she couldn't locate Harry Potter. 'Harry Potter' she thought. 'He's the father, and he seems to me the responsible kind. All I can do is drop by his feet, throw myself at his mercy and hope he spares me, if only for the sake of our son, if not my own. But

fr that to work, she had to protect her son first. Protect herself.

She left her quarters, dropping the shocked, random Death Eaters that crossed her path, looking for her husband and brother in law.

"Avada Kedavra" she said.

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The End

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Foot Note:

What can I say, Harry always attracted Femme-Fatals. Yes, It's all in the eyes.

Well, that's it, that's the end of Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice. Unless I decide to write an epilogue. Or worse, a sequel! (Laughing insanely. Sadly, it comes out more of as a chuckle than a mad cackle.)

I rationalized it's the "power the Dark Lord knows not", as JKR said it only works for humans and Voldemort, well - when was the last time you took a good look at him? A Neanderthal might pass for a normal human, but Voldemort? Not in a million years.

And the snidget thing - JKR once said Harry would never become an animagus. I reckoned there should be a reason for that. Okay, so in Hogwarts he doesn't have time, cause he's always in trouble with Voldemort - and a couple dozen girls as well - but what about after graduation? Harry has at least a good hundred years to look ahead to (unless all those women of his would bring him down, age him early, you know the drill - more women, more worry, trouble, all that) so he can do the transformation at his leisure. And it would be something to connect him - in his mind at least - to his deceased father and godfather. So why won't he ever do it? Well, you know all those fics that Harry comes up with an animagus form of a magical creature

(usually a phoenix, for some reason, especially if he dates Ginny, sometimes a dragon, sometimes a basilisk, sometimes all three...) then everyone say (and Hermione rants) about how it is impossible? Well, I reckon it really is impossible - magical creatures have their own magic, etc. etc. wizards need to use wands instead, with chunks from magical creatures, to do magic, so they can't very well turn into magical beings out of the blue. But Harry lucked, or perhaps was unlucky, to have a magical creature - a snidget - as his animagus form, thus he was unable to go through with the transformation.

But for Voldemort, who wasn't human, and lived on a diet of magical snakes excretions and unicorn blood, turns out he was a magical creature. And Polyjuice only works for humans, otherwise the reaction is shaky, unstable and unpredictable. But he never took that in consideration. He usually had his minions take Polyjuice if need be, he hadn't taken one in decades - he wasn't one to hide, the Dark Lord - he wanted everyone to see him - and to fear him.

So he took the Polyjuice, and it reacted with his non-human, magical-creature-like side, and brought out the magical-creature version of Harry Potter, instead of the human one - and locked Voldemort in it.

That's my excuse..., err, explanation.

The pull the snidget felt to the Quidditch stadium - I'm not sure - maybe it was Lord Voldemort, feeling his connection to Harry more then ever, now that he was both polymorphed into Harry and was much smaller in size, or maybe it was the bird, drawn to a quid ditch game, showing the amazing lack of luck and common sense that led to it's extinction in the first place...

I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

stealacandy

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Now that Harry Potter and the Power of Polyjuice is finished, you have the epilogue to wait for - then the 2nd epilogue, and the 3rd, and the... you get the drill. So coming next on Harry Potter and the Power

of Polyjuice, Harry and friends find out just how useful Polyjuice can be - and make it taste like lemonaid!

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Omake:

A/N: After I wrote the promo for this chapter in the last one, I was tempted to rewrite the ending. When I wrote that Voldemort had no hands, I meant that he had wings instead, but chopping his hands off would do the trick, too. Well, writing one of the epilogues to come, I thought about the Phantom of the Opera and wanted to check it for reference. I searched my Penguin library for my copy but came up short. I did come across the kiddie version of Shakespeare, "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary (had a little) Lamb. I used to have it in a big, elegant, album format edition when I was little, but when I turned fourteen, my step-mother gave all my children-books away to an orphanage or a children-hospital or something. I admire the sentiment, I really do, but she could at least have asked me before, the bitch! I had spent years re-collecting the rare gems among my books. Damn, I bought Narnia no less than four times! First in translation when I was seven years old. Then, when I was twelve, I saw the BBC T.V. version (which sucked, but I was too young to notice) and that prompted me to buy the original English version. Then the bitch threw it away, so I bought it again, in paperback. But she threw that one, too, so I bought it a forth time and hid it away. Anyway, "Tales from Shakespeare" I got a little, unadorned paperback from Penguin. I checked it out now, and was greatly disappointed to find it didn't have a kiddie version of "Titus Andronicus" - it was to be expected, but I would have loved to see someone try that one. So to compensate for that failing, I wrote Voldemort's demise, Titus style.

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Omake: Hand Me Down

By stealacandy

Lord Voldemort cackled evilly. His most faithful came through for him again. Bella got him a lot of Harry Potter's hair and Severus supplied him with enough Polyjuice potion to fill an Olympic swimming pool. Now the two of them stand by his side, waiting for him to imbibe it. He wasn't sure he wanted witnesses for it, but he needed them - Severus was there to see that everything went right, and Bellatrix - she was for - Hmm... why was she there for? 'Chuck it to moral support.' he decided.

With the potion he had, he would build up his strength again, at the expenses of the Potter brat. It wasn't an optimal solution, and he would have to keep the brat alive, but Lord Voldemort was reasonable and was willing to work within his limitations. It didn't stop him from venting his frustration and taking it on his minions in a multitude of Cruciatus curses, but he wasn't about to argue with fate.

Lord Voldemort raised the phial to his mouth, said "cheers", and drank the awful concoction. "Eck," he said. "Essence of Potter. Blewhhh."

'Strange,' he thought after a while. 'why does it taste like grease?'

"Oh, good, the potion is working!" he said.

His hair 'I have hair?' began to turn black, his nose 'I have a nose?' broke '-wait, what?'

Then his arms began to shrink. '?' he thought.

Then his arms were gone and instead there were gaping holes in the sides of his torso, where the arm-sockets should have been.

"What?" he said.

"Say, Tom", said Bella. "do you need a hand there?"

"Bella, what?" the Dark Lord asked.

"It's not Bellatrix, Tom," said the witch, "It's Potter."

“Potter!” Lord Voldemort yelled.

“Yes, Tom, it’s me.” said Harry. “I was ever so surprised to fall asleep with Pansy Parkinson in my arms and wake up to find a sleeping Bellatrix Lastrange instead. I was even more surprised when she woke up and told me she had such a good time and decided to stay... She told me everything about your plans and, well, they didn’t agree with me too much. So I switched your potion. I got some hair off Snivelus’s arm” - he pulled a detached arm, one matching the Dark Lord’s armpit, “and fed it to you. Now you don’t have an arm - or a hand - well, let me recount the prophecy for you - the one you tried to get me to steal for you a year ago, do you remember? The record in the ministry broke, but there were other records about, and I found out about it:

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies ...”

“So you see, Tom,” Harry continued. “As long as I don’t die by your hand, I don’t get to die at all! I’ practically immortal!”

“Nonsense, Potter,” said the handless Lord. “In about an hour the Polyjuice will wear off, and you’ll be at my mercy. And believe me, you will then wish I would let you die, by my hand or not!

“That is where you’re wrong, Voldemort.” said Severus Snape.

“Severus?” asked the Dark Lord.

“Think again. You see, Voldemort, It’s Hermione Granger. As in Muggle-born, mud-blood Hermione Granger. The thing you swore to eradicate. And I, the lowly mud-blood, had achieved what no pure-blood (or otherwise) potion master has achieved before: I have made the Polyjuice potion to last - permanently. You see - you will live the remainder of your life in this form - which, I must add, came from

Severus Snape, After we detached his arms - I took some of his hair before that for my own use, you see. You will live on with no hands, thus you won't be able to harm Harry ever again. And unless Harry grows tired of immortality and kills you off, you can look forwards to all eternity in this existence. Now, open your mouth - yes, that's a good Tommy." she said, as she fed him a shrinking potion.

Once the Dark Lord was shrunk to the side of a tadpole, Hermione picked him up and placed him carefully in a jar. "I used to keep Rita Skeeter in here," she told Harry. "I do seem to keep the deadliest of pets. I wonder still, which is mightier - the wand or the quill?"

Putting the jar back in her pocket, Hermione said: "We did it, Harry - you did it! You vanquished the Dark Lord! Oh, kiss me Harry."

But Harry wouldn't come anywhere near her. "Hermione, you do realize you're looking like Snape, do you?"

"Err... right."

xxx xxx xxx

"Say, Mrs. Weasley," said Harry. "I noticed you have a missing hand."

"Harry, I'm sorry?"

"On the clock? The Weasley clock? You don't have a hand for me!"

"Oh, you sweet boy, You're right, I'll tell Arthur to get a new hand for you and put it on."

"Would that do?", asked Harry, and pulled a severed human hand from his pocket.

Mrs Weasley fainted.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

A/N:

I did this “Harry shrinks Voldemort and keeps him in a jar” in another of my stories, SHGZ, the first chapter of which I already posted in my Plot-Bunnies story thing, but I’ve yet to write the second chapter (I wrote the third already) and post the rest of the story, so I won’t elaborate about it, so as not to spoil your surprise, as JKR would put it.

Anyway, if Voldemort took eau-de-Snape Polyjuice potion and took his armless form, does that make Snape’s original detached hand his? Because if it does, then I could be evil:

xxx xxx xxx

Harry walked in the Burrow, cradling a baby in each arm. He walked by the family clock, that now held considerably more hands than it used to only a few years prior. ‘It’s a wonder,’ he thought, ‘that they don’t collide.’

He, of course, spoke (or thought) prematurely. All the regular magical hands worked very well with each other - that was the magic of the clock. But one hand, denoting himself, which he removed from Severus Snape before doing the man in, had a much larger volume and its connection to the clock mechanism was shaky at best - which is why it took this exact moment to break and fall. The hand hit Harry over the head and bumped away to the kitchen, and Harry doubled over, slipped over a baby pacifier and went carousing in the air, only to come into contact with Molly’s collection of kitchen knives the flying hand disturbed and knocked into a ballistic course of their own.

Harry Potter, jailor of Dread Lord Voldemort, died by the hand of the other...

xxx xxx xxx

xxx xxx xxx

Laughing evilly,

stealacandy.

(Muhahahahahahahahahah!!!)

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: The Power of Love

By stealacandy

Draco Malfoy raised his hands high in the air. "You see, your You-Know-Who-shipness, am the real Harry Potter! I will defeat you with the power of love only I posses! Powerus Loveious Defeatus You-Know-Whoous offus and get me some assious laterus to celebratus!"

"What are you on about?" asked Voldemort. "That's not even a spell!" Voldemort played dirty. "And what power of love, what do you know about love? Nobody loves you, fool, nobody even likes you, not even your parents. People just tolerate you because of your money."

"I- err- Of course they don't, I'm not really their son! Dumbledore switched me years ago with Draco Malfoy to protect me from you till I'm ready to take you out! Amoreius! Mon Amius!"

"What are you talking about, foolish boy! You are Draco Malfoy!"

"No, I'm not, I'm the real Harry Potter. Dumbledore switched between us! Now lets get physical! Shagus! Humpus! Heck, Demenot Kissus! Damn it! Nothing seems to work! Fuckus! Assjobus! Darn!"

"Dumbledore switched you, did he? You are the one who posses a threat to my reign, huh?" said the Dark Lord. "I don't know about this power of love of yours, -"

"Of course you don't, it's the power you know not!" said Malfoy.

"- but let me show you the power of Avada Kedavra!" finished the Dark Lord, pointing his wand at the kid.

"Love Shield iuos!" cried Draco, arcing his wand above.

“Where did he come by that nonsense?” asked the conquering Dark Lord, as his killing curse hit the foolish boy smack in the forehead.

“Wormtail!”, he called.

“Yes , my Lord?” asked the balding man as he stuck his hand in.

“Wormtail, you always wanted to one-up Malfoy - now is your chance. Now take this corpse and throw it somewhere out of the way.”

“Yes my Lord.” he said, and, picking up Draco Malfoy prone body, he carried it away.

“I’ll show you the power of love, boy.” he said, cackling silently to himself.

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: This one is dedicated to nonjon (check his profile, he’s on my Favourites Authors list) who never fails to make me laugh. Now that I finally finished writing this chapter, I might finally find the time to read his last update...

The power of Avada Kedavra comes from Dimension hopping for beginners and the love shield spell comes from Black Comedy. Both stories are highly recommended, by the way.

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## 12. Epilogue I: What now?

“So, who are we Polyjuicing into again?”

“Well,” said Harry, “You, you, you, you, you and you,” he said, pointing out witches around the room, “are all gonna be Claudia Schiffer. You, you, you, you and you,” he pointed at some more of his girls, “you, you and you,” the three old Gryffindor side, “you and you,” Entwhistle sisters, “and you, you and you,” the Patil sister and the attached Lavender Brown, “will all be Kate Moss.”

“Okay.”

“You, you, you, you and you” to the Ravenclaw side, huddled together on the carpet, “as well as you and you” - to Tonks and Hestia - “get Pamela Anderson.”

“How did you get their hair, Harry?” asked one of the girls.

“Parv and Lav did,” he said. “They pretended to be stylists or make-up artists or something in some photo-shooting or another.

“Why they all get to be blond, while we’re brunets?” whined one of the Patil twins (Harry wasn’t sure which, now that they weren’t wearing their school-houses uniforms.)

“You know what?” said Harry? “Why don’t you die your hair blond, then? You too, Ori, Ariel. Lav - how ’bout you? Do you want to try on the brunet look, or would you rather remain blond?”

“I’ll go with brunet, Harry.” said the witch.

“Okay. Hannah, Suzan, you’re doing Cluadia, right? Maybe you should try dieing into red and black, see how it looks on her?” suggested Harry. “And nymphy” (the witch grumbled) “and Hestia, you - never mind that, nothing but blond would work for Pamela.”

“What about us?” asked Ginny.

"You are Phoebe Halliwell from that TV show charmed. Daphne, you're the older one, what's her name, the cook."

"- Piper." supplied the new witch, the last to join the group.

"Right. And Hermione, you'll be the redhead, Peggy."

"- Paige." corrected him the new witch.

"I want to be Paige!" whined Ginny. "I love her hair - and her fair complexion - I wish I had skin like hers!"

"Well. She's not a real redhead, you know." said the new witch.

"Still," said Ginny.

"Fine, Ginny, be the redhead. I thought you might want to try something else for a change. Hermione, you be the cook."

"-Piper" and "Fine!"

"What about me?" asked the new witch.

"You, Shannon, be yourself."

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A/N: I figured, how about a witch pretending to be a muggle, pretending to be a witch? On air? Probably a muggle-born, too. Then the American Ministry of Magic got involved and forced her to leave the show - endangering the act of secrecy and legal stuff like that. To make sure they don't take her back, they charmed everyone's memories to think she was obnoxious and annoying on and off stage and that they kicked her out when they couldn't stand her anymore.

Yes, I'm a Shannon Daugherty fan, of sorts (I need spell-check to write her name correctly - assuming I wrote it right with the spell check - so much of a fan, am I?) since she participated in a Kevin Whatshisname (the guy who made Clerks!) movie called Mallrats. Yet the rumours explaining why the people in Charmed killed her

character off reached my ears, and I didn't like them. I like my explanation better, and this way Harry gets to screw the hottest witch on TV! Just wait to see how their children look like - with her eyes' shape and his eyes' colour - wow!

Coming next on Polyjuice, in the best JKR tradition, the real epilogue: Epilogue II: Nineteen Years Later.

Yeah, Ginny's in it too, sorry bout that, but she just won't go away.

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Omake: The Pretender

By stealacandy

"Say, Harry, how did you get Prince Charles's hair?" asked Hermione after he finished running naked in the Manchester stadium.

"Easy, Dobby pretended to be a horse and the prince tried to ride him."

xxx xxx xxx

"Say, Harry, how did you get John Travolta's hair? Asked Hermione after he finished dancing naked in the Royal Society charity Ball.

"Easy, Dobby pretended to be an aeroplane and the Travolta tried to ride him."

xxx xxx xxx

"Say, Harry, how did you get Hugh Grant's hair?" Asked Hermione after he finished fleshing old ladies in Hyde Park.

"Easy, Dobby pretended to be a whore and the Grant tried to ride him."

xxx xxx xxx

"Say, Harry, how did you get President Bush's hair?" Asked Hermione after he wondered into the White-House press room in his pyjamas in the middle of a conference and peed on the podium in front of the cameras.

"Sorry, Hermione, that wasn't me."

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Told you Polyjuice is fun!

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Love you all, you're all great!

stealacandy

xxx xxx xxx

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: For the Greater Good

By stealacandy

"Albus Dumbledore, we sentence you to a life time in Azkaban and some passionate, hot sex."

"Hot sex?" he asked, hopeful.

"...with a dementor."

"But-"

"Oh, hush Albus, it's for the greater good..."

xxx xxx xxx

"Luna, that was so naughty of you! How did you pull that off?"

"Suzan's aunt's department has hair from all members of the wizangamot - for forenzic identification, you understand."

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A/N: Now, just a couple Omakes more for fun, after the fashion of "Hand-me-Down". Nothing to do with this story, just an idea that popped into my head.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx  
Omake: Giant Mistake 2: Aparating on Polyjuice

By stealacandy

Once they were done in the chamber, Harry and Daphne faced a problem Harry didn't take into consideration.

How were they to get out?

Harry tried to call Fawks to him, cooed a bi, chirped a little (Boy, did he feel stupid) - to use his giant induced strength and size to climb back up the slide (with Daphne in his arm - it reminded him of a movie he once saw...).

But to no avail.

In the end, Harry decided to apparate.

"But Harry," said Daphne, "according to Hogwarts: a-"

"History, yes I know," said Harry.

"- you can't apparate inside Hogwarts!" she finished.

"What are you, Hermione?" he chided. "We're not in Hogwarts anymore, Toto. We're miles below it, I can't imagine the wards on the school go that deep."

"Oh," said Daphne, a bit miffed. "well then, why don't you try it?"

"Okay." said Harry and screwed his face in concentration. Destination, determination, err... deconstruction?

A second later, Harry was standing by Hogsmead village, at the edge of the Forbidden Forest, Daphna still in his hand.

'...wait, his hand? wasn't he supposed to have two?'

"Damn it! I splinched!"

xxx xxx xxx

Over in Little Hangleton, Lord Voldemort was standing on top of the hill, watching the sun set in the distance. It wasn't as if he was sentimental or something, it was one of his snake-like traits. He was cold-blooded and was savouring the last moment of sun before he crawled back to his lair.

He was watching away when a little dot appeared in the horizon. Then it grew. Fast. Then it took shape.

Cruising in three hundred miles per hour, a giant's hand was flying towards Lord Voldemort's direction. He watched, fascinatingly.

Then the Hand grew near, and grew very big. The Dark Lord started to back away.

But it was too late.

Lord Voldemort was squashed by the hand of another.

Thus he became the Dark Blot on the landscape.

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Legend has it, his spirit travelled to another dimension where it possessed a computer and started a new attempt to take over the world by making people laugh so hard they forgot to do anything else.

But legend rarely has any substantial truth in it, so I wouldn't be worried.

xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx xxx

Omake: A Handy Potion: Aparating on Polyjuice

By stealacandy

Voldemort swallowed hard. That potion was disgusting...

Then he morphed into the familiar features of Harry Potter.

"Oh, my eyes! I look hideous!" said the Dark Lord.

Severus walked into the room and saw Harry Potter standing there, captive in his master's lair, yet outwardly appearing like he ruled the place. 'The arrogance of the...'

"You're just like your father!" he berated him.

"Crucio!" said hte Dark Lord. "Never mention my father to me, Severus! Crucio!". Upon consideration, he amended, "Better yet, Avada Kedavra!" and sent a sickly green light flash into the greasy git's abdomen. 'Can't let anyone find that I'm like my father, can I? What would my Death-Eaters think?'

At Snape's surprised yell of "No! Baahhhh!" that was cut off in a short order, the door to the chamber opened, and a multitude of Death Eaters streamed in. Seeing one of their colleagues slain by Potter, they all brought the wand to heel and started sending killing curses, pain curses, other dark spells and what not towards the foolish boy.

"The Dark Lord will get you this time, Potter," said someone that sounded a lot like Walden McNair, as he sent yet another decapitating hex his way.

Thirty-seven minutes later and one hundred and fifty-three kills later, the Dark Lord stood alone, panting. He defeated all of his opponents - he wasn't the Master for nothing - but he was a bit worse to wear for his pain, and lost most of his followers in the process.

'Damn!' he thought. 'And after I practiced my speech!' "Now, my loyal followers, we shall descend upon the fools in Hogwarts, thinking themselves protected by its walls, and we shall finish Dumbledore and Potter once and for all!" - he spent eight minutes perfecting it, working on the intonation, the right places to sneak a well aimed "Crucio!" in, and the overall impression, and now there was no one left to hear it!

'Oh well,' he thought, 'might as well get it over with.' and apparated to the outskirts of Hogwarts.

xxx xxx xxx

Harry was strolling the grounds with his contagion of girlfriends when someone stepped out of the tree-growth. he turned to see who it was. Another girl making an advance on him maybe?

He was looking into his own face.

"Err... I'm sorry to point it out to you, Harry," he said, "but using a time-turner you shouldn't let yourself be seen by your past self, else you would cause a paradox!" He hugged a couple of his girls and together they waited the end of the world.

"I'm not you, Potter!" said the other Harry.

"You're not?" Harry said, relived. "Phew, for a moment there... Who are you, then? Is it you, Luna? You're idea of a practical joke?"

"It is I," said the Dark Lord, "Dark Lord Voldemort!"

"Yeah, right," said Harry.

"It is me," said Voldemort, "Cower before me!"

"That's not funny, Luna." said Harry. looking at the other him carefully, he - "-wait, is it really you, Tom?"

"Don't call me by my father's filthy muggle name!" Voldemort was foaming the mouth. "You will die by my hand!"

"Err, excuse me, my Lord," said Pansy Parkinson. "I'm loath to point it out, but you don't even have a hand!"

"What?" yelled the Dark Lord, then looked at his sides. "Damn! I splinched!"

"According to-" Hermione began,

"-Hogwarts: A History," continued Lavender, Parvati, Padma, Ginny, Katie, Cho, Morag, Tracie, Lisa, Daphne, Suzan, Romilda, Amanda, Pansy, Su and Hannah together.

"-Hogwarts: A History, thank you very much," huffed Hermione, "You should never apparate while using Polyjuice!"

"No, it doesn't say it!" said the Dark Lord. "I read it cover to cover! And all the new editions! It doesn't say it anywhere!"

"Well- I- err-" stammered Hermione, blushing slightly.

"Anyway," said Harry, "are you sure you are Lord Voldemort?"

"I'm quite sure I am who I am, Potter!" said the other him.

"Because you sound awfully a lot like professor Snape to me."

" Well, I trained him, you know. He did work for me."

"Would you swear a magical oath that you are, in fact, the one known as Lord Voldemort?"

"I swear it, Potter!"

"Oh, Okay." said Harry, then hit Voldemort in the head with the big rock he picked while Tom was occupied with Hermione. Voldemort's skull fractured and Harry was showered with brains. "I didn't know I looked like that on the inside!" he said, looking at the gapping hole he made. a quick "Scrugify!" later Harry was clean, and the other Harry fell on the ground in a heap of body and limbs - but only two of those.

Harry was exhilarated. "Hermione," Harry said lecherously, "You're always one to distract a wizard, aren't you?" He picked her up in a hug and a fierce kiss.

"Can we distract you too?" asked a couple of the other girls.

"The more the merrier." said Harry.

xxx xxx xxx

A/N: Can you splinch across dimensions?

If so, then:

Draco Malfoy walked down Knockturn Alley. His father still wouldn't buy him the hand of glory. Then a flash of light appeared, and Draco stumbled over a shrivelled hand that wasn't there a minute before.

"Are you alright, boy?" asked the old hag selling toenails in the corner.  
"Can I give you a hand?"

"No thanks," said Draco, "I'm sorted, thank you."

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